



No. 187.—Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS FANNIE WARD IN "A NIGHT OUT," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

This is the season when I turn to the *Daily Telegraph* for my annual debauch of domestic sentiment. Last year it was the Age of Love. "Which is the properest day to drink?" What is the most fitting stage of life to pursue the jack o' lantern of the divine passion? This year it is the ticklish question of breaking off the engagement. We are bidden to pity the sad lot of two young people who have plighted their troth, and found they are unsuited to each other; neither will take the responsibility of speaking out; and both live in dread of the public opinion which condemns the broken vow as treason to the commonwealth of matrimony. Are they to be coerced into a loveless union, padlocked by a pedantic convention? Open the cave of Æolus and set free the multitudinous voices which obey the call of the wizard in Peterborough Court! So the *D.T.* flutters in the rushing winds of a mighty correspondence; and tormented spirits from the vasty deep of the suburbs unfold their woes in all the accents of irrelevant despair.

I am charmed by a lady who recounts a triumph of maidenly guile. She became engaged to the wrong person. One day she wrote a touching little story, and asked him to read it. He turned pale, for it disclosed to him that the heart of his betrothed was not his, though she still admired his manly virtues. Not that the pallor was the symbol of a lacerated soul; he, too, was chafing against the bond, and was glad to be released. Six months later he consoled himself with another, while his first love found her mate in a swain whose mind she "felt to be rich, deep, and unfathomable," when he sat opposite to her at a dinner-party. In the drawing-room he led her to "an alcove," where she noticed that his eyes were "deeply set and bright," and where they discussed subjects "worthy of thought." This observant damsel advises all spinsters to wait until they also meet the unfathomable mind and the deeply set eyes. It is just this happy-go-lucky divination which attracts the sentimental fair to a certain class of fiction, and makes that "contemporary judgment" which, as Dr. Robertson Nicoll assures us, does not err. The best "circulated" story-teller is he or she who pleases the most women, and to achieve this no literary craft will help you so much as the uncompromising optimism which treats a fortunate chance as a providential reward of the virtuous gambler, a sort of celestial "run on the red." The confiding virgin has only to take her seat at the green-baize table, and put her stake on the unfathomable mind, and it is sure to turn up with heart and hand and subjects worthy of thought.

Here a brutal cynic might remark that the lady whose tender rhapsody has given me so much pleasure is still engaged. She has not yet wedded the depth and the riches of the intellect which suddenly dawned upon her across a dinner-table. Marriage may increase her rapture. I sincerely hope it will, though it is said by some ill-conditioned people to be a chequered experience. They can write freely to the *Daily Telegraph* without injuring its circulation, because the unconquerable optimists will promptly rush in with indignant denials. But the story-teller who wants to keep up his sales by ministering to the greatest illusion of the greatest number of women, will avoid illicit excursions among the accidents of matrimony. He will model his work on the nice little fable by which the ingenuous virgin hinted to her plighted lover that they had better part. He will express a proper horror of the marriage customs of France, where the unfathomable mind looks out for the girl with the most comfortable *dot*. Nobody marries for money in our spiritual island. A man may sometimes "go where money is"; but he takes with him the mines of his intelligence and the priceless lustre of his deeply set orbs.

There is something to be said for the matrimonial bureau. One correspondent of the *D.T.* proposes that it should be made a branch of the Civil Service. Sir Matthew White Ridley might appoint inspectors from the Home Office to certify the qualifications of clients. A bachelor, dissatisfied with his condition, and unable to find a lady to his taste, might employ a paternal Home Secretary to prosecute the necessary researches. In such a case, a woman, of course, would be charged with the duty of inspecting the candidate's unfathomable mind. Half-pay officers might find the examination of marriageable spinsters an even more agreeable vocation than the management of Art and Science at South Kensington. There is no reason why such a system should not work fairly well, though the Home Secretary might object to be asked

in Parliament a question like this: "Will the right honourable gentleman instruct his Matrimonial Department to refund the fees paid for a Home Office licence of marriage by Mary Jane Smith, who took her husband, Septimus Smith, on the faith of a certificate that the wealth of his mind was incalculable, whereas he has not contributed a single idea towards the household expenditure of brain since the day of the wedding?"

An interesting subject, ripe for canvass, is suggested to me by a correspondent who heads his letter with this startling question: "Are Cyclists Inhuman?" He begins with a short history of cannibalism, which is rather wide of the mark, and then proceeds: "You may think, sir, that the practices of savages have no bearing on the moral state of cyclists. I venture to say that, unless something be done to elevate their instincts, they will revert to the most degraded type of primitive man. I, sir, am a cyclist of a few weeks' standing. With no ambition to hurtle through the streets, I have been content to practise a gentlemanly deportment in the parks. During a recent visit to the seaside, where the country is distinctly precipitous, I was induced to cycle uphill. Here I found that the cultivated manners of the parks were of no avail. Not only did I stop far short of the summit, but, in dismounting with my customary grace, I fell over the bicycle with such violence that I was immediately decorated with the Order of the Seven Bruises. The rest of the journey of several miles was performed chiefly on foot; and when I related the adventure to another cyclist, whom I have hitherto regarded as a young man of fine sensibilities, an expression of sincere anxiety came over his manly features, and he said, 'Have you hurt the machine?' This horrible callousness deprived me of speech, and prevented me from taking my usual nourishment."

A long description of his usual nourishment may be omitted. The letter ends thus: "And now, sir, I appeal to your well-known humanitarian sympathy to save cycling from the scourge of barbarity. The sacredness of human life and limb is at stake. It is for us to fashion the morals (to say nothing of the gentlemanly deportment) of future generations of cyclists. P. S.—The Order of the Seven Bruises might be formally adopted by the N.C.U. It would be the Bath or Garter of the cycling community. I would suggest a ribbon, pleasantly shaded in black, blue, and yellow."

This is not the only novel sensation for the dull season. Another correspondent addresses me on the "expediency of devoting useless clubmen to painless extinction." He argues that to every club ought to be attached a lethal chamber, and that the members ought to exercise the right of determining by ballot which of their number, after a given period of membership, should be conducted to that apartment and gently asphyxiated. "You are probably aware," he continues, "that it was the custom of primitive tribes to put to death with the highest honours men who were too old to hunt or fight. When the clubman arrives at the stage of snoring in the library, or offering vapid remarks about changes in the temperature, the Cremation Committee ought to recommend him for the signal distinction of being quietly inurned at the expense of the club. When his ashes had been duly collected and enshrined, a competition of epitaphs might be instituted. This would give play to gifts of prose and verse, and, in time, the urns, ranged round the smoking-room as a sort of frieze, would please the eye and stimulate the mind." I do not express any approval of these sentiments, for, if a club be not a privileged haunt for infirmities of mind and body, what is its precise utility?

The service in St. Paul's at the funeral of Sir John Millais was wrapt in that needless gloom with which the Church loves to invest such an occasion. I do not see why mourners should be invited to regard the gracious and lovable figure they knew in life as a "vile body," or to join in the gruesome thanksgiving "that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world," especially when they are well aware that to "this our brother" the world had no such aspect. Moreover, nothing is less in keeping with the idea of the Resurrection than the Dead March in "Saul," a grisly dirge which cannot be heard without a profound sense of hopelessness. I can never forget the exquisite effect of Chopin's funeral march at the burial of Tennyson. All the dread majesty of death in the opening movement was suddenly dissolved by that enchanting melody which is like the passing of a glorified spirit to eternal joy. There is no such expression in literature, sacred or profane, of the immortality of the soul as in this strain of inspired music. The other composition ought to be buried in silence along with the inhumanities of the ecclesiastical rites.

"MY ARTFUL VALET," AT TERRY'S.

There was no mistaking the spontaneity of the merriment that prevailed at Terry's Theatre on Saturday evening, or the heartiness of the welcome extended to Mr. James Welch in his new rôle of actor-manager. Mr. Welch has already won considerable recognition by his clever delineation of various distinctive types of "low-comedy" character, but his quaint personality and natural method have never stood him in better stead than they do in the part of the egregious valet, whom Mr. James Mortimer has confessedly evolved from "Le Truc d'Arthur" of MM. Chivot and Duru, but who is really, of course, in all essential qualities, as old as Latin comedy. Under the title of "Gloriana" Mr. Mortimer's amusing farce met with a certain measure of success at the Globe Theatre in the winter of 1891-92, under Mr. Murray Carson's management, and, to judge by its reception the other night, it should serve to fill the programme throughout the brief season of Mr. Welch's management, which is only to last until Mr. Edward Terry's return to town in October. "My Artful Valet" can hardly be considered as good a title as "Gloriana." It savours of the old-fashioned curtain-raiser, nowadays relegated to the Theatre Royal, back drawing-room. But in other respects the piece has not been materially altered save for the bringing up to date of some of the dialogue. By the way, it was curious at one point to note a significant illustration of the transitoriness of music-hall glory. One of the characters, in a frenzy of jealousy, recognising a piece of Gloriana's headgear on her pert maid, exclaims in broken English, "Where—oh, where *did* you get that hat?" The actor paused for the inevitable laugh of four and a-half years ago, but the point had fallen on unheeding ears.

For the benefit of those to whom "Gloriana" is equally a thing of the past, it should perhaps be mentioned that the plot of this diverting farce deals with the grave embarrassments of Mr. Leopold Fitz-Jocelyn, a young diplomatist who, on the eve of his marriage with the daughter of a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer, is confronted by a former flame, the fascinating widow Mrs. Gloriana Lovering. In order to forfeit her affections, he feigns to be his own valet, introducing his man Spinks as his master. Gloriana is seized with the romantic idea of raising her lover to her own position in life, and insists on taking him into her service. The fun thenceforth is sufficiently wild and whirling, and the actors one and all make the most of their opportunities. The valet Spinks, masquerading as his master, becomes in Mr. Welch's hands an uncommonly droll little Cockney. His affectation of the manners of his betters, his attempts to talk diplomacy with Count Evitoff, a Russian suitor for Gloriana's hand, and his abject alarm when this irascible diplomat challenges him to a duel, are extremely comic. Mr. J. G. Grahame gives quite the right touch of distinction to Fitz-Jocelyn, and Mr. Ivan Watson cleverly preserves the foreign characteristics of the fiery Count. Miss Edith Blande, but recently returned from Australia, effectively realises the impulsive nature of the romantic widow, and Miss Lydia Cowell, in a subordinate rôle, repeats her former clever sketch of maid-servant manners.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST OPENED on MONDAY, AUG. 24, 1896, and CLOSES on or before WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26, 1896, for Town, and THURSDAY, AUG. 27, for the Country.

THE "OLD BUSHMILLS" DISTILLERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

Share Capital, £110,000.

70,000 Five per Cent. Preference Shares of £1 each	£70,000
40,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each	40,000
	£110,000

Preference Shares.—Issue of £70,000 Five per Cent. Preference Shares of £1 each. The Preference Shares are entitled to a preference dividend of 5 per cent. per annum, and rank as regards capital in priority to the Ordinary Shares.

Ordinary Shares.—Issue of £40,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

Debentures.—Issue of £70,000 Four-and-one-quarter per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures of £10 each.

The Debentures are now offered for subscription at the price of 102 per cent.

The banks mentioned are authorised to receive subscriptions at the price of 102 per cent. for £70,000 Four-and-one-quarter per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures, and at par for the above £70,000 Five per Cent. Preference Shares and £40,000 Ordinary Shares.

Payable

Preference.	Ordinary.
2s. 6d. per share on application.	2s. 6d. per share on application.
7s. 6d. per share on allotment.	7s. 6d. per share on allotment.
10s. 0d. per share one month after allotment.	10s. 0d. per share one month after allotment.
£1	£1

Debentures.

£5 per cent. on application.
£47 per cent. (including premium) on allotment.
£50 per cent. one month after allotment.

£102

Payment in full may be made on allotment, and as regards the Debenture Stock under a discount of 2 per cent. per annum.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE-HOLDERS.

JAMES DUFF, Barrow House, Halifax, Chartered Accountant.
HUNTER MOORE, Solicitor, Newry.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. HERBERT T. ALLSOPP, Walton Bury, near Stafford.
LORD TRIMLESTOWN, Kew.
SAMUEL DUNCAN (Duncan, Alderice, and Co., Limited), "Old Distillery," Newry.
SIR EDWARD LEE, 14, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.
JOSEPH HETHERINGTON, Wine and Spirit Broker, Liverpool.

The vendor reserves the right to nominate two other directors.

BROKERS.

Dublin: D. D. BULGER, College Green and Stock Exchange.
Manchester: PIXTON and COPPOCK, 12, Half-Moon Street, and Stock Exchange.
Liverpool: HOOK and BRADSHAW, York Buildings, Sweeting Street, and Stock Exchange.

BANKERS.

In England: THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER, Limited, Manchester, or their London agents, GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, and CO., Lombard Street, E.C.
In Ireland: THE BELFAST BANKING COMPANY, Limited, Belfast.

SOLICITORS.

WALKER and ROWE, 8, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

JOHN McCULLOUGH and CO., Chartered Accountants, Royal Avenue, Belfast.

REGISTERED OFFICES.

22 and 23, GREAT TOWER STREET, LONDON, E.C.
SECRETARY (pro tem.).—MARTIN E. LYNAS.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire the old-established distillery business known as The "Old Bushmills" Distillery Company, Limited, situate at Bushmills, near the Giant's Causeway, in the county of Antrim, Ireland.

The Company takes over a large and valuable stock of whisky, the greater portion of which is fully matured, dating back to the year 1885, and this asset is rapidly increasing in value, owing to the scarcity of very old whisky of fine quality.

The distillery proper occupies a freehold site of about 6 acres, in addition to which there are about 16 acres of accommodation land and a farm of 19 acres held on lease. There is also an office and stores in Hill Street, Belfast; stores in Market Place, Bushmills; bonded stores in Short Street and Albert Square, Belfast.

The assets to be acquired by the Company consist of—

The distillery and property at Bushmills, which have been valued by Mr. Edmund Murphy, Government Arbitrator and Chief Receiver in the Court of Chancery, Dublin	£20,003 6 1
Stores and premises, Hill Street, Belfast, valued by Mr. T. A. Fisher, property broker, Belfast	1,000 0 0
Plant, machinery, casks, and implements, vehicles, live stock, chattels, valued by Messrs. Hume and Gray, valuers, Belfast	16,258 12 6
Stock of whisky, valued by Mr. W. W. Brydon, Spirit Broker, Trinity Square, London	71,438 6 8
	£108,720 5 3
Book-debts (guaranteed by vendor)	12,500 0 0
Duty paid on whisky in warehouse	2,200 0 0
Cash being proceeds of the present issue (in excess of the amount of purchase money) remaining available for additional working capital	25,000 0 0
Premium on debenture stock	1,400 0 0
	£149,820 5 3

In the above-named assets no credit has been taken for goodwill.

The Company commences business free from all liabilities, and the working capital will be £112,558 6s. 8d., consisting of—

(A) Stock of whisky	£71,438 6 8
(B) Book debts (guaranteed)	12,500 0 0
(C) Duty paid on whisky	2,200 0 0
(D) Additional working capital acquired by present issue	25,000 0 0
	£111,138 6 8
(E) Premium on Debenture Stock	1,400 0 0
	£112,538 6 8

The books of the Company for a period of two years and nine months prior to going into liquidation have been examined by Messrs. John McCullough and Co., Chartered Accountants, Belfast, and they certify as follows—

"Queen's Buildings, Royal Avenue, Belfast, July 30, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—We have examined the books of the 'Old Bushmills' Distillery Company, Limited, for the years ending July 31, 1892, and July 31, 1893, and for nine months ending April 30, 1894, at which dates balances were struck. The books show a profit for the two years and nine months of

£19,057 0 11
But this is after charging to the trading, interest, preliminary expenses, and income tax, amounting to
25,595 19 9
£44,653 0 8

"This includes outlay for advertising for the year ending July 31, 1892 (£3,318 11s. 3d.), but does not include similar outlay for the year and nine months following, amounting to

11,133 2 4
"Which, if deducted from £44,653 0s. 8d., shows for two years and nine months
£33,519 18 4

"There was a large increase in the quantity of whisky manufactured during the time referred to, and in stock at the end of each period, and the Company was in the habit of valuing it at a stock price plus an addition per gallon, per year, for increased value by reason of age. In our opinion the starting price was too high, and we have made fresh calculations of the stock at each term, upon the basis of a figure which we estimate as cost price, plus a fixed sum per gallon, per year, for improvement by age, but against this allowance has been made for ullage, or loss by evaporation, &c., and we find on this basis that the profit for the two years and nine months amounts to £26,586 13s. 5d., as against £33,519 18s. 4d. above mentioned.

"The sales for nine months ending April 30, 1894, were proportionately largely in excess of the sales for either of the two years preceding.

"Your obedient servants, JOHN McCULLOUGH and CO., Chartered Accountants.

"To the Directors of the 'Old Bushmills' Distillery Company, Limited."

The assets of the Company more than cover the Debenture and Preference issues.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus (or upon that given below), and forwarded to the Company's bankers accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the deposit.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained at the offices of the Company, or from the bankers, solicitors, and brokers.

London, Aug. 21, 1896.

No.

THE "OLD BUSHMILLS" DISTILLERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

APPLICATION FORM (which may be used).

To the Directors of the "Old Bushmills" Distillery Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your bankers, the Union Bank of Manchester, Limited, or their London agents, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., or the Belfast Banking Company, Limited, Belfast, or one of their branches, the sum of £ , being a deposit on application for Shares or Stock as follows—

2s. 6d. per Share on Five per Cent. Preference Shares of £1 each	£
2s. 6d. per Share on Ordinary Shares of £1 each	£
£5 per cent. on £..... 4½ per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock	£

I request you to allot me the number of Shares or amount of Debentures named, and I agree to accept the same or any smaller number or amount that may be allotted to me, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and upon the terms of the Prospectus issued by you dated the 21st August, 1896; and I authorise you to place my name on the register of members in respect of the Shares or Debentures so allotted to me, and I agree to pay the further instalments upon such allotted Shares or Debentures as the same shall become due; and I agree with the Company, as trustee for the directors and other persons liable, to waive any claims I may have against them for not more fully complying in the said Prospectus with the requirements of Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867.

Name (in full)
Address
Description
Date 1896.
Signature
All cheques to be made payable to the bankers.

AVENUE THEATRE.—Licensee, MR. CHARLES HAWTREY.
MANAGERS, MESSRS. HENRY DANA AND H. J. WILDE.
THURSDAY NEXT, at 8, a
Musical Comedy by Sidney Carlton, Harry Greenbank, and Howard Talbot,
MONTE CARLO.
Misses Lottie Venne, Kate Cutler, E. Annie Owen (by permission of D'Oyly Carte, Esq.);
Messrs. Richard Green, Eric Lewis, E. W. Garden.
Box Office now open. Seats at all Libraries.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING. TWO GRAND BALLETS,
FAUST and LA DANSE.
LUMIERE'S CINEMATOGAPHE. GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.30.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, TWO NEW GRAND
BALLETS, RIP VAN WINKLE and DONNYBROOK. Grand Varieties.
Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.45. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION.
EARL'S COURT.
Main Entrance: LILLIE ROAD, WEST BROMPTON.
Director-General: IMRE KIRALFY.
THE EMPRESS THEATRE
GRAND SPECTACLE "INDIA"
OVER 1200 PERFORMERS
CHORUS OF 200 SINGERS
A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE
THE FULL-SIZED TROOPSHIP
GRENADIERS AND COLDSTREAMS
EMPRESS AND IMPERIAL BANDS
NATIVES AT WORK AND AT PLAY
BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS
LAKES AND FOUNTAINS
THE GARDEN OF LONDON
THE GREAT WHEEL.

SPA SUMMER SEASON.—Racing, Pigeon-shooting, Tennis, Concerts,
Swimming Contests, Water Polo, &c., &c., and CERCLE DES ETRANGERS, with Roulette,
Trente-et-Quarante, and all attractions of Monte Carlo. Excellent hotels, with inclusive tariffs of
12s. per diem. Within twelve hours of London.—For details, address
M. JULES CREHAY, Secretary.

CYCLISTS are made up from all classes of the community, and yet
there is a subtle fascination in the sport which appeals to every rider of the wheel.
The subtle fascination of the "Humber" is irresistible. It is incomparably the pleasure
cycle.
Catalogues on application at 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.
"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the
British Isles."
LORD MACAULAY.
OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—WELL-
APPOINTED COACHES—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar,
Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR
affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain Scenery by Railway and Coach for
ONE HUNDRED MILES
around the South Kerry Peninsula.

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast.
For full particulars apply to London Office, 2, Charing Cross, Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze
and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great
Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on
application to
Kingsbridge, Dublin. R. G. GOLHOUN, Traffic Manager.
London Office, 2, Charing Cross.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).
NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

THE PRINCIPAL SEASIDE AND HEALTH RESORTS OF IRELAND ARE SITUATED
ON THIS COMPANY'S SYSTEM.

BUNDORAN (on the Atlantic Coast) is pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be the
most invigorating Seaside resort in the Kingdom, and is within a few miles, by rail, of
LOUGH ERNE (the Irish Lakes), which district offers splendid sport for Rod and Gun.
ROSTREVENOR—Balm and restorative climate.
WARRENPOINT, MALAHIDE, and HOWTH—Exhilarating and attractive health resorts.

VISIT THE VALLEY OF THE BOYNE and view the Ruins of MELLIFONT ABBEY,
MONASTERBOICE, and NEWGRANGE TUMULUS (the Pyramids of Europe).
CHEAP TICKETS AND CIRCULAR TOURS. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED GUIDE.
Dublin, August 1896. HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

CONNEMARA, ACHILL, AND WEST OF IRELAND.

TOURIST TICKETS, available for two months, are issued during the Season from the principal
towns of England and Scotland and from Broadstone Station, Dublin, for tours through
CONNEMARA and the WEST OF IRELAND, embracing GALWAY CLIFDEN, WESTPORT,
ACHILL ISLAND, and SLIGO. For Grand and Picturesque combinations of Mountain, Lake, and
Ocean Scenery, the West of Ireland cannot be surpassed. Excellent Salmon, Trout, and Pike
Fishing in the District. The RAILWAY TO CLIFDEN and to ACHILL is NOW OPEN.

For further information, tariff, &c., apply at 2, Charing Cross, or to
JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager, Midland Great Western Railway,
Broadstone Station, Dublin.

BERLIN EXHIBITION.—Special Reduced Tickets Tuesdays
and Fridays.

HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND ROUTE to the Continent daily (Sundays included).
Quickest route to Holland (to Amsterdam 11 hours) and cheapest to Germany.
HARWICH-ANTWERP ROUTE for Brussels, The Ardennes, Switzerland, Germany, &c.,
every week-day.

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich,
via Lincoln or Peterborough and March from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time
and money. Dining-car from York, via March. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s fast passenger
steamers "Peregrine" and "Seamew." Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap Tickets and Tons
to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. Co.'s "Tourist Guide to the Continent," Illustrations
and maps, price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at the G.E.R. Co.'s American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur
Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST

BRIGHTON	WORTHING	Frequent Fast Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and London Bridge.
SEAFORD	LITTLEHAMPTON	Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road) and West Brompton.
EASTBOURNE	BOGNOR	Extra Trains from London Saturday, returning Monday mornings.
BEXHILL	HAYLING ISLAND	Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets, First and Second Class.
ST. LEONARDS	PORTSMOUTH	Cheap Week-end Return Tickets issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.
HASTINGS	SOUTHSEA	Pullman Car Trains between London and Brighton, and London and Eastbourne.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE	VENTNOR	Through Tickets issued and luggage Registered throughout.
COWES	FRESHWATER	The Trains run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also run to and from the Ryde Pier Head Station, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
SANDOWN	ST. HELENS	
SHANKLIN	BEMBRIDGE	

BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS from the Victoria and London Bridge Terminals. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available One Month. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between London and Brighton.

EVERY WEEK-DAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

EVERY SUNDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s.

WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

WORTHING.—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria every
Week-day 10.5 a.m., every Sunday 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton, Week-days, 13s. 6d., Sundays, 13s. Every Saturday Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare, 11s.

WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 11s., 9s. 6d., 7s.

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"A BLIND MARRIAGE," AT THE CRITERION.

This is a piece which can be recommended heartily to the unsophisticated playgoer. There are those who, at the theatre, ask for nothing better than a plain tale, told clearly, smoothly, and without undue dragging. They are not too curious about motives or probabilities, and not too anxious for freshness in plot or character. So long as the dramatist keeps alive their interest in his work, they are satisfied, and even gratified. It is for such that "A Blind Marriage" has been written and produced. It will attract them and entertain them. They will not be annoyed, as the sophisticated might be, by the feeling that the play is little more than a creditable re-handling of venerable material—material drawn from a wide field, and never before used in quite the same fashion. They will not be bothered by the fact that the course of the action is obvious after the first few sentences have been spoken. On the contrary, they are likely to plume themselves upon their ability to foretell that the honour of the heroine will be vindicated at the right moment—that is, just before the fall of the curtain—by the *deus ex machina* of the piece, a genial American who is patently created for the purposes to which he is applied. The said American is just one of those characters that actors most love to represent.

Nearly all the sympathy goes with him—alike when he sets himself to cure young Lord Langdale of the blindness caused by a gun accident, and when he makes it his business to checkmate the scoundrel who seeks to levy blackmail of a particularly disgraceful sort upon the woman that Lord Langdale has "blindly" married. There is nothing like being the Good Fairy of a drama: all hearts go out to you. And they go out, emphatically, to the aforesaid nobleman when he recovers his eyesight, only to discover in his beautiful and graceful wife a girl whom his most intimate friend, the aforesaid scoundrel, has described some time before as his mistress. Of course, Lady Langdale has never occupied that disgraceful position, and it is not clear why the "villain" should have uttered the gratuitous lie. But, then, if he had not done so, what would have become of the play? At first Lord and Lady Langdale suffer the usual tortures of the situation, but the American is able (we don't know how) to prove that there was nothing between the "villain" and the heroine but an honourable engagement to marry, through which the "villain" deliberately broke.

It cannot be said that "A Blind Marriage" convinces the analytic mind; but, if it does not, the fault does not lie in the acting, which is of the best that our present stage affords. We have no more earnest player than Mr. Waring, the representative of Lord Langdale; no more sympathetic player than Miss Kate Rorke, who is the much-wronged wife. Equally true is it that Mr. Herbert Standing, who personates the American, overflows with the easy *bonhomie* that the character requires. Mr. Fulton is the blackmailer, with whom he does all that is possible. Miss Carlotta Addison gives distinction to a trifling rôle, and Miss Eva Moore is as delightful as ever in one of those *ingénue* parts for which, evidently, she was born. The funniest scene in the play, which has its fair share of good "lines," is that in which she is proposed to simultaneously by a couple of twins, admirably "made up" by Messrs. Esmond and Lucy, and really twins in their well-contrived idiosyncrasy. These twins are likely to lurk in the memory of those who see "A Blind Marriage" at the Criterion.

MISS ROSS-SELWICKE IN "AN IDEAL."

The pretty pantomime sketch entitled "An Ideal" has proved a strong attraction at the Palace Theatre, thanks to the dramatic qualities of Lieut.-Colonel Newnham Davis's story and the delightful melody of M. André Wormser's music. The performance of the trifle, too, has notably improved since its first production. Miss Ross-Selwicke's embodiment of the young wife who is jealous of her painter-husband's artistic ideal is marked by much grace and charm. M. Paul Clerget is now more convincing in the part of her husband than he was at first, and the dainty little pantomime has gained proportionately in effectiveness.



MISS ROSS-SELWICKE IN "AN IDEAL," AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

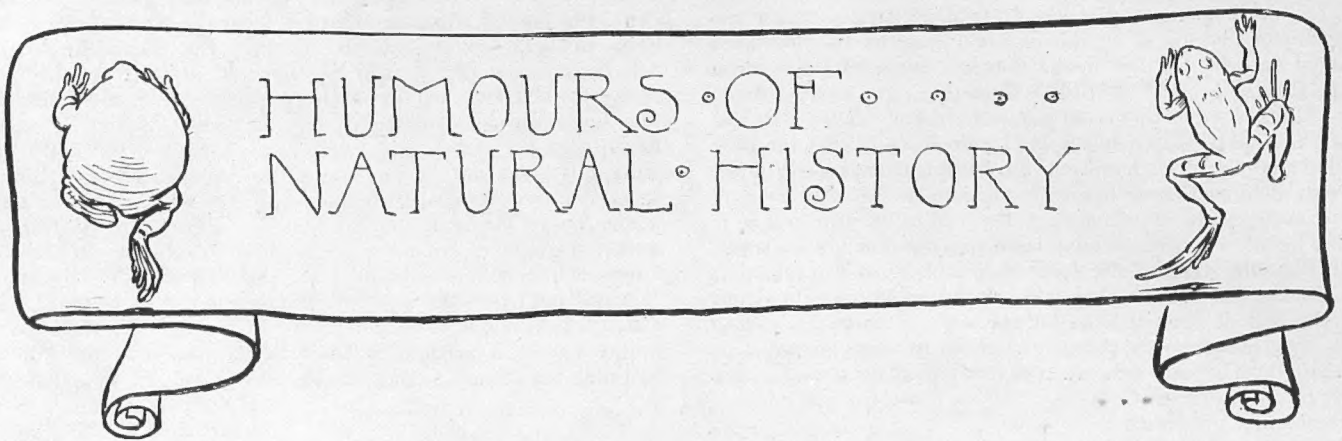
"NEWMARKET," AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.

Lord Kempton was a young nobleman, otherwise virtuous, who kept horses for racing purposes, and was "stone-broke." He had borrowed money on his estates from a "fashionable jockey" named Charlie Fenn, but hoped to recoup himself from the winnings of a horse which Fenn himself was to ride to victory. But Fenn, in league with an American bookmaker named Stockbridge, desired to ruin Kempton, and so determined that, so far as he was concerned, the horse should lose. The horse did lose, owing to unprincipled "pulling" on the part of Fenn, who thereupon requested Lord Kempton to "settle up." This, unhappily, was not in the young nobleman's power; but he had in Lady Windsor, a wealthy young lady (to whom he was engaged, but whom he now chivalrously wished to release), and in Tom Snaffle, his trainer, a couple of friends who conspired to help him. Snaffle had a mare, Poppy, which was entered for a big race and was sure to win. Money was "put on" her by Snaffle and Lady Windsor in the interests of Lord Kempton, who was thus bound to clear a "pot" of money. The race took place, and Poppy came in second—whence despair on the part of the young lord and his friends. But in the end it turned out that there was a technical objection to the animal who came in first, and so Poppy was declared the winner, Lord Kempton pocketing thousands, recovering his estates, and marrying his disinterested *fiancée*.

You have heard something very like this story before? Nothing more probable if you have been a regular attendant at the theatres for, say, two or three decades. You think at once of "Flying Scud" and sundry Drury Lane and Adelphi dramas; you think also of those comic operas, "The Pet of Newmarket" and "The Merry Duchess," for the story just related is that of "Newmarket," the "original racing comedy" at the Opéra Comique, and of that comedy a leading feature is the musical illustration in the shape of choruses by stable-boys, jockeys, and the like. "Original," indeed, is an adjective which, if the piece were one's own, one would hesitate to apply to "Newmarket." Rather would one say that the chief pleasures to be derived from it are the pleasures of memory. One takes off one's hat, so to speak, to the incidents, and the characters, and sundry other things, such as passages in the dialogue (notably that ancient equivocal by which, in talk, a mare is mistaken for a woman) and phrases in the lyrics and the melodic setting of them. The sense of familiarity is deepened when one finds that the devoted trainer has a daughter, another Poppy by name, who is a very horsey young lady, and, at a certain crisis, proclaims herself willing to don the breeches and guide her namesake to the winning-post. Then there is a lady, lately of

"the halls," who sings slightly *risqué* ditties, a "dude" of the Grossmith junior type, and a French detective with an aggressive accent—all so like people you have seen before that you can scarcely resist the impulse to rise from your stall and shake hands with them.

And yet it would be inaccurate to say that "Newmarket" has not attractions for all that. There is plenty of bustle in it—at least, it does not drag. It is sometimes noisy, and the stage is occasionally overcrowded; but against that may be placed the fact that the music is tuneful and the dancing sprightly, and that the acting is in several cases excellent. On Saturday the talk was assuredly redundant; by this time, no doubt, it has been compressed. As the trainer, Mr. Willie Edouin is legitimately funny; as his too-lively little daughter, Miss May Edouin over-exerts her vocal powers and over-acts, but is forgiven for the sake of her parentage, her youth, her inexperience, her earnestness, and her evident cleverness. As the lady from "the halls," Miss Sadie Jerome sings with clearness and vigour. Her chief song, "Little Mrs. Brown," hardly succeeds in being as funny as it is evidently intended to be, but, as it won an encore, perhaps the author is not to be blamed on this score. Of the other songs, among the best are Mr. John Crook's tuneful "Pedigree is Nothing For Me," and a comic quartette, "The Brass Band," by the same composer. Mr. Forbes Dawson has a poor rôle, and the other characters for the most part are in the hands of "the younger generation."



SMALL TALK.

The Queen will leave Osborne to-morrow for Balmoral, where she will stay until the second-week in November. Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein will accompany her Majesty to Balmoral, where Princess Louise is also expected to arrive later in the autumn. Lord Salisbury will visit Balmoral to meet the Czar.

The Prince of Wales is to return to England from his sojourn in Germany at the end of the first week in September, when he will pay a visit to the Earl of Crewe at Fryston Hall, Yorkshire.

The story of Dr. Nansen's perilous adventures during his three years' wandering around the North Pole forms a marvellously thrilling narrative. Although Dr. Nansen has fallen short of the achievement which he set before himself—namely, that of crossing straight through the heart of the North Polar region, he has yet established a very proud record in having navigated the *Fram* further north than any ship has yet won her way, and in having himself, with his intrepid companion Johansen, penetrated on sledge and on foot 170 miles farther than any previous Arctic explorer. The endurance of the two men through their daring wanderings after they had left the *Fram* forms a noble addition to the annals of Arctic enterprise, and not the least wonderful part of the story is the fate that guided them safely back through that great unknown region to the solitary human habitation of "Elmwood," the headquarters of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition. That two explorers, all ignorant of each other's whereabouts, should meet thus fortunately in that desolate Northern World is one of those truths which are stranger than fiction.

Mr. Boyd, the editor of the *Pelican*, who is a son of the famous "A. K. H. B.," of St. Andrews, contradicts in his journal with abundant emphasis the familiar story about "A. K. H. B." and "a distinguished though ill-dressed stranger." The story has long gone the round that on one occasion "A. K. H. B." met this individual and remarked to him, "I should like you to have dined with me, but my wife, who is very particular, will not allow anyone who is not dressed for dinner to sit at her table." The story concludes by the exchange of cards, when Dr. Boyd discovers that the name of the distinguished person whom he has snubbed is the Duke of Argyll. After the contradiction in the *Pelican* one may readily dismiss the story to the realm of myth. At the same time it must be remembered that stories of this kind are only told of people who have some slight element in their nature of the quality which is the "note" of the story.

M. Marchand, the proprietor of the Folies-Bergère, Scala, and El Dorado music-halls of Paris, was in town a week or so ago and heard Mdle. Violette imitating Yvette Guilbert. He was very pleased with the imitation, and offered Mdle. Violette a lengthy engagement to appear at the Folies-Bergère and imitate Yvette immediately after her turn. Such a procedure does not suggest that the public of Paris takes its entertainers seriously, for an imitation is not necessarily a burlesque, and can neither convince nor amuse when the original is at hand. Such a thing is seldom done in London, though I do recollect an instance of burlesque. When Lottie Collins was rousing all civilisation with that dreadful "Ta Ra," &c., she appeared at the Grand Theatre in "Robinson Crusoe," the last pantomime ever offered to the public by Messrs. Wilmot and Freeman. In one of the scenes on the island there was the inevitable variety entertainment. Millie Hylton started, next came Lottie Collins with the fiery dress and hysteric handkerchief, and then Harry Randall,

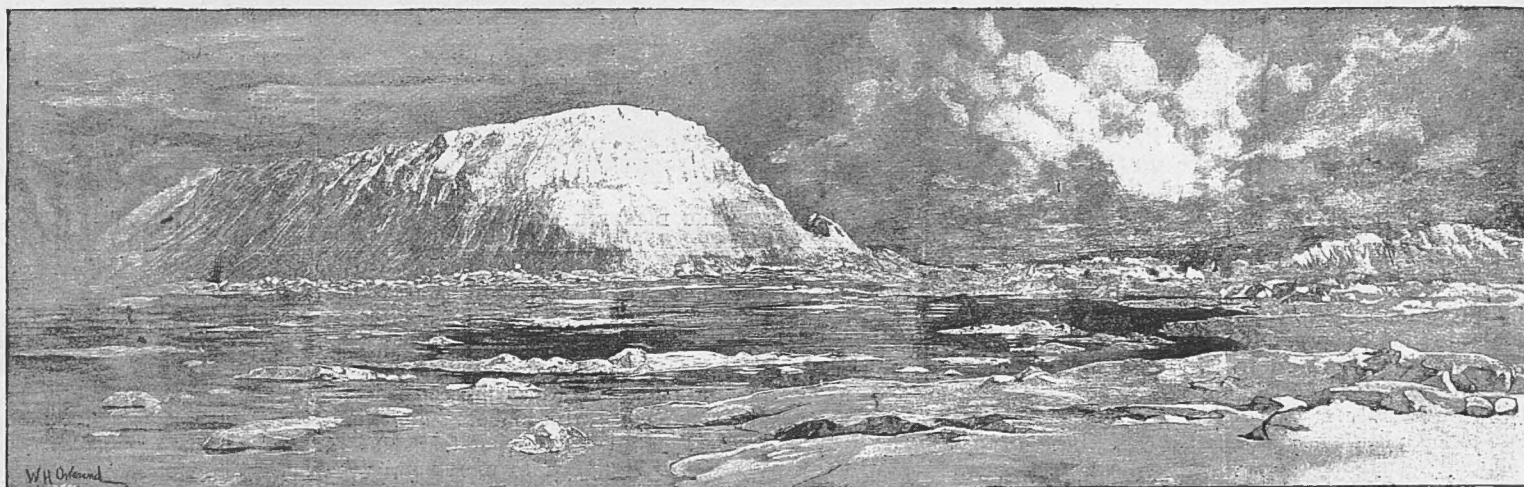
The "Windward."

"Elmwood."

Cape Flora.

Glacier Slopes.

Cape Gertrude.



FRANZ JOSEF LAND, SHOWING WHERE DR. NANSEN MET MR. JACKSON AND WAS TAKEN ON BOARD THE "WINDWARD."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

Mrs. W. J. Bryan, wife of the Democratic Free Silver candidate for the American Presidency, appears to be a most estimable and amiable lady, with not much more than a spice of the New Woman in her composition, who has come to take an intelligent interest in politics mainly because her husband does. She gives Mr. Bryan many suggestions and bits of advice with regard to his speeches, all of which, it seems, are carefully prepared in advance, and, indeed, almost "learned and conned by rote." Outside household matters, with which, in non-electioneering days, she chiefly occupies herself, Mrs. Bryan is very fond of swimming, and is attracted by both dramatic and musical performances, when they are really good. Her maiden name was Mary Elizabeth Baird.

Virtue is indeed its own reward! The poor woman who picked up twenty-five bank-notes of five pounds each in Hanover Square, and at once handed them over to the police, can bear testimony to the accuracy of the proverb. As she informed Mr. Hannay, the owner of the notes—not a man, in her opinion, but a "contemptible fellow," "in the shape of a man," added the magistrate—had not only not rewarded her for her honesty, but had actually threatened to prosecute because two of his bundle of notes were missing. If this tale be true, and the police inspector who gave evidence did not contradict it, it is hardly surprising that Mr. Hannay should remark that such conduct was an incentive to folks to "stick to" what they found. Even if the owner knew the numbers of his notes, such knowledge would be but a slight safeguard of his property. Five-pound bank-notes are almost as easy to change, and almost as untraceable, as sovereigns. True, you can "stop" them at the Bank; but what does "stopping" a note mean? Only this, that the bank when they pay it—which they must do on presentation—will help the "stopper" to find out all he or she can. And the end of such inquiries when notes of small value are "stopped" is, as the police will tell you, nine times out of ten, that the note has been changed on the racecourse, in a public-house or restaurant, or at some big store or shop, where no record whatever is kept of the person changing it.

the beloved of Islington, came on with a burlesque of the song. The effect was screamingly funny; not only the audience but the performers also would be convulsed. That year Islington presented the best pantomime in London, and I spent no small portion of my hard-earned incompetence on front-row stalls. Talent, youth, and beauty were all there; so was I.

I have always considered that, of all desirable spots in London on which to reside, the most desirable is that strip of ground between the Isthmian Club and that frankly ugly house where once lived the late Lord Sidney, a house whose ugliness is intensified by its proximity to Bridgewater House (Lord Ellesmere's), which is certainly one of the handsomest in the Metropolis. This same strip of land, on which, among others, are the dwellings of Lord Spencer, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Wimborne, is protected from the easterly and north-easterly breezes by St. James's Street, with its western offshoots, while the mansions I have referred to face the west, looking across the delightful slopes of the Green Park till their view is terminated by great trees, above which peep the château-like towers and pinnacles of the big and comparatively new houses in Grosvenor Place.

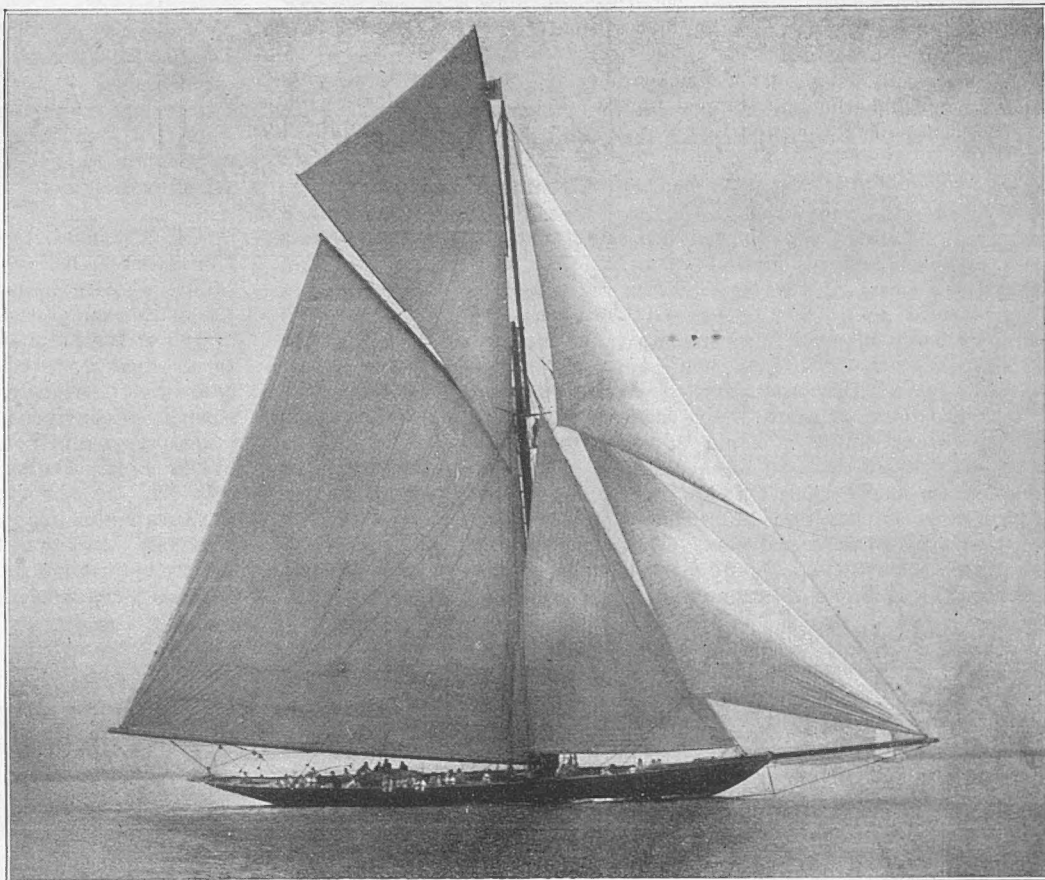
The sunsets alone, as seen from windows and terraces, must be worth a handsome rental, for, with all due deference to the country, London sunsets are by no means to be despised. Then, too, each of these houses has a garden, large and stately, like that of Lord Spencer's and Lord Ellesmere's, or tiny and yet picturesque, like that of the late Sir John Pender's house, with its front of the box-of-toy-bricks style of architecture. Millionaires have at this moment a chance that, were I one, I should not long neglect. Of these most desirable residences, which but rarely change hands, two are at present, I see, for sale—one, that of the late Sir John Pender, to which I have referred; the other, the more solid-looking brick mansion of the late Right Hon. Colonel J. S. North—not Colonel North of City fame, by the way—which is almost its next-door neighbour. Both houses are, I notice, freeholds.

The lamentable accident which brought the regatta of the Royal Portsmouth Albert Yacht Club to a tragic conclusion last week has cast a profound gloom over yachting and diplomatic circles generally. Baron von Zedtwitz, who was only thirty-eight years old, made his mark in diplomacy early in life, and as a sportsman he was widely popular alike in his own country, in England, and in America. It was but comparatively lately that he turned his attention more particularly to yachting; but his importation of the best 20-rater fleet-racer that Messrs. Herreshoff could turn out was a valuable object-lesson to German yachtsmen, as the display at Kiel proved. The evidence given at the inquest confirmed the original impression that no one was definitely to blame. It was by a curious coincidence merely that the small and large craft engaged in two distinct races got in each other's way just at the critical moment. The *Saint* caught the *Isolde's* boom, with the result that the *Isolde* swerved round across the *Meteor's* course, and before the *Isolde* could alter her course the Kaiser's yacht struck the smaller vessel and cleared her deck. In the general wreckage the unfortunate Baron von Zedtwitz was so severely injured on the head by the falling mast that he was rescued from the water only to die. The ill-luck which has persistently followed the *Meteor* is perfectly extraordinary.

The case of "Z. Z.," Mr. Zangwill's younger brother. He has written a clever novel, which for three months was circulated by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son without demur. A second edition is announced, and then Messrs. Smith discover that they cannot circulate the book any longer unless a certain paragraph be removed. The excision of a single paragraph, as "Z. Z." justly remarks, could not affect the general scheme of the story. It is one of those compromises which illustrate the weakness of this form of literary censorship. In this case the author declines to have his book edited by the bookseller, and asks why he, a humble beginner in letters, should be condemned to treatment from which Mr. Thomas Hardy escapes. No doubt, in the course of three months Messrs. Smith have received complaints from readers of "Z. Z." Have they had no complaints about "Jude the Obscure"? And does the distinction they have made between the two cases simply mean that, for purely commercial reasons, they do not care to lay a ban on so popular a writer as Mr. Hardy?

The Select Committee of the House of Lords who have been inquiring into the Sunday question for several years have at last issued

a Report which must gratify the Sabbatarians. It proposes to leave the law against Sunday trading and recreation practically unaltered, on the plea that the Act of 1781 is consonant with "the sentiments and wishes of the English people." The very mild suggestion of a judge that no prosecution under this Act should be permitted without the sanction of



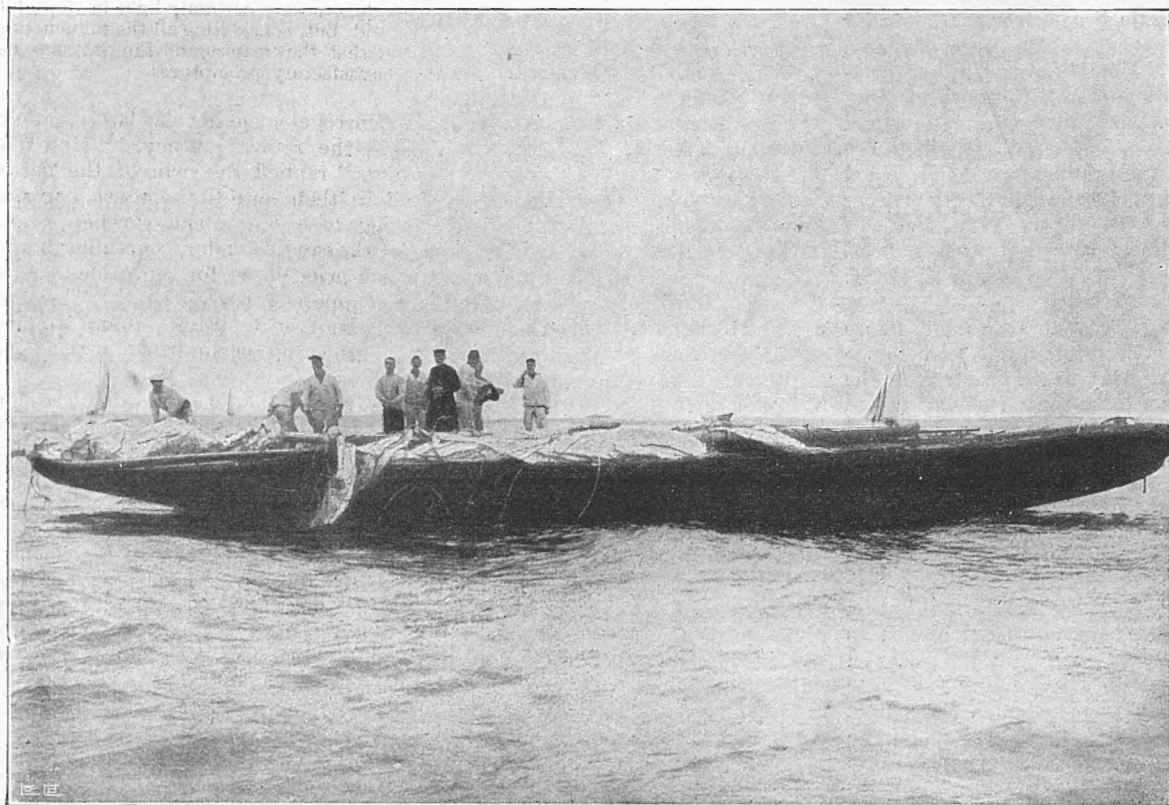
THE YACHTING DISASTER: THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S "METEOR."

Photo by West and Son, Southsea.

a law officer of the Crown was vetoed, obviously at the bidding of a bishop. Bishops have a rooted distrust of lawyers, whose worldly common sense is sometimes incompatible with episcopal theories of the universe. The net result of this protracted inquiry is that no check is to be put on the vexatious prosecutions instituted by bigots who regard a Sunday lecture with humour in it as a desecration of the Sabbath. It is ridiculous to talk of money-taking at the doors as if it were sacrilege. It is equally absurd to cite the petitions of actors against the Sunday opening of theatres as an argument against the admission of people by payment to a lecture or concert. The whole of this Report belongs to

the dark ages before the opening of the museums on the first day of the week. I have not the slightest doubt that the Select Committee would describe that reform as an outrage on the "sentiments and wishes of the English people."

Mr. Akers-Douglas says the Government cannot consider the expediency of making a cycle-track in Hyde Park. It cost a great deal of time and trouble to make the Office of Works see the justice of admitting cyclists to the Park. First, there was the absurd restriction about ten o'clock in the morning, and then, after a grudging delay, the concession was extended to twelve o'clock. If there were a special track, no limitation of hours would be needed. Just now the road which the cyclists use in the Park is in a disgraceful state. At Battersea Park no track is needed, for the road is in an excellent condition, and the cyclist may ride all day long; but the First Commissioner will neither make the Hyde Park road fit for cycling nor construct a cyclists' Row. Once upon a time an indignant democracy pulled down the Park railings, with momentous results. A threatening demonstration of aristocratic cyclists on the opening day of next Session might educate Mr. Akers-Douglas.



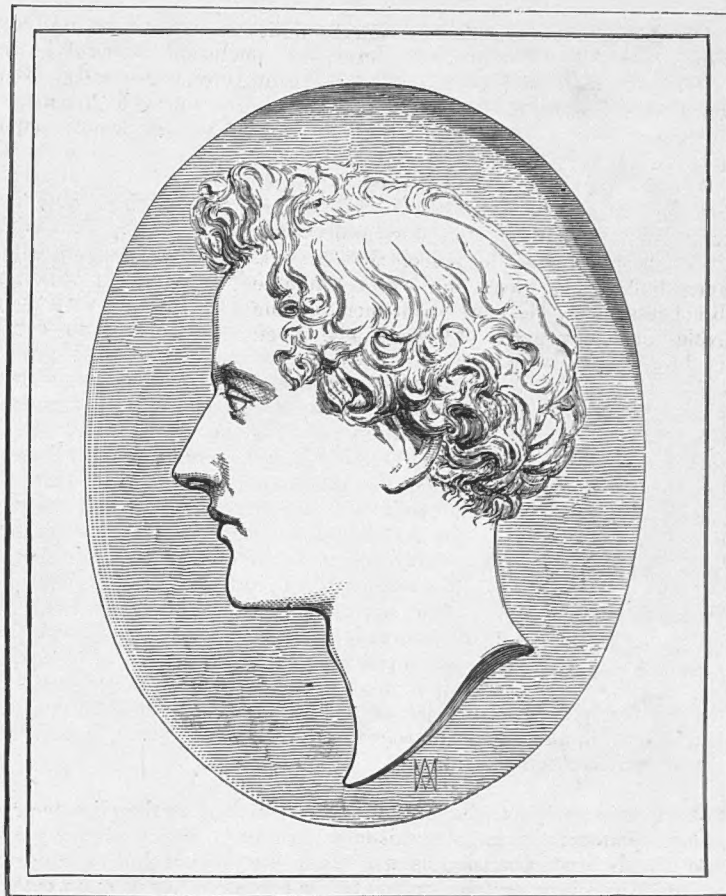
THE YACHTING DISASTER: THE LATE BARON VON ZEDTWITZ'S "ISOLDE" AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

Photo by Mr. H. Aldous, Southsea.

Lawrence was the only man younger than Millais to be elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Millais was twenty-four, and that is the age at which he is shown in the marble medallion by A. Munro, of which we give an illustration. That is how the painter looked when he was painting "The Order of Release," and was falling in love with his sitter, whom he married in 1854. For many years the face of Millais changed little. It wore a robust school-boy expression until ten years ago, and only within the last three or four years did age play sudden havoc with features that had so long withstood his touch. At the funeral of Lord Leighton, which seemed but a rehearsal for his own, he looked an old man, and a stricken one. It was his last really public appearance, and when he stepped forward to put the Academy wreath on the coffin of "dear Fred Leighton," as he usually called him, he did so with a sense of solemnity that communicated itself to those around. Within six months his own turn was to come; and he himself suspected it even then. The Academicians, as they trooped up the aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral after the coffin of Lord Leighton, seemed a strangely bereft body; but when, last Thursday, they trooped after the body of Millais, they seemed indeed an army that had lost its leaders. Very affecting was the presence of so many members of the Millais family; but even more so was the absence of one member of it—once the child who sat for "My First Sermon."

Lord Salisbury, after the ceremony of installation of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, felt he needed a long rest. Hence his refusal to be a pall-bearer at the funeral of Millais. The fact is that Lord Salisbury gets more and more disinclined for journeyings. Fortunate for him, therefore, is the fact that Hatfield is so near to town, and that Walmer makes a really capital substitute for the chalet on the French coast to which he was deeply attached, but which it fatigued him too much to go to and return from. Lord Salisbury never tires of sittings, however long, in the House of Lords; and he stands without fatigue to make a long speech. But the jolting of carriages is his bane. He makes it a rule to refuse invitations, public or private, which involve long drives; and his extraordinary interest in electrical science has only this limitation—that he hopes he will never have to give much personal patronage to the motor-car.

Of his own courtship and marriage Tennyson probably wrote less than any poet that preceded or succeeded him. A set of verses, the lines "Dear, near, and true," and a later dedication—these are all that the public has by way of tribute from the late Laureate to the woman who so largely filled his life.



THE LATE SIR JOHN MILLAIS IN 1853.
From the Marble by A. Munro.

The New York *Nation* just to hand pays a very high compliment to English jurisprudence. Referring to the Jameson trial, it says—

We are supposed to have substantially the same criminal jurisprudence in this country, but if Dr. Jameson and his associates had been put on trial in New York, no one can say how long the trial would have taken, or whether a conviction would not have been upset by the higher courts, and it is very doubtful if a conviction could have been obtained anyway. In the first place, it would probably have taken a month to get a jury. Everybody that had any business of his own would have tried to escape serving, knowing that it would be several weeks, probably, before he would be discharged from his attendance at court. Everybody that manifested any degree of intelligence would have been excluded, and whoever had any clear convictions, as in such a matter as the Jameson raid people who keep informed of the course of events must have, would have been challenged. After a jury entirely free from every suspicion of intelligence and independent judgment had been obtained, the lawyers would have had unlimited opportunities for irrelevant inquiries and magniloquent speeches, and the incompetent jury would have been so thoroughly confused as to be unable to agree on a verdict. The expense of all this would have been enormous, and the law would have been brought into greater contempt. But in England the whole thing is over in less time than it would have taken here to secure a couple of jurymen, and, the court being strongly constituted, there is no reason to expect a pardon. The sentences were certainly light in view of the bloodshed that was occasioned by the raid, but, considering all the influences and sentiments involved, it must be said that the majesty of the law has been vindicated, and that, too, with most satisfactory promptness.

Some Novocastrian trippers to Harrogate, one hot day lately, gathered round a fruit-barrow before making the return journey. "How much are those melons?" "Two shillings," replied the man of the barrow. The canny Tynesiders were loud in their protests against extortion. "And those?" they asked, pointing to a larger and greener growth. "Oh, those aren't English," replied the candid vendor, concealing his ire; "those are threepence." Not a bad price either for vegetable-marrows, if you come to think of it. The trippers were appeased. They went away fully provided, preparing for a feast in the train. But a tradition against Harrogate melons has since grown up on the banks of the Tyne.

At this season of the year, when even the most moderate of us must perforce quench our thirst on occasion, I should like to record my own individual gratitude to Pitkeathly Table Water, which is particularly refreshing in quality. It has a very mellowing effect on any spirit with which it is mixed, and is a pleasant beverage by itself. A gouty friend of mine strongly recommends it.

It is always well to annex a really good American story when you find one. From Detroit comes the following matrimonial dialogue, entitled "A Good Beginning":—"He. 'Shall we be able to economise?' She. 'I think so—at any rate, I have passed two bargain sales to-day without stopping.'"

In the published list of the members of the Carl Rosa Company as now reconstituted, I miss the name of Miss Minnie Hunt, who did such charming, artistic, and versatile work during the season at Daly's Theatre early in the year. What are the plans for the future of this clever young operatic vocalist and actress?



THE LATE SIR JOHN MILLAIS AT THE FUNERAL OF LORD LEIGHTON.
Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News."

The European tour of his Excellency the Chinese Envoy, Li Hung Chang, whatever effect it may have had upon the mind of that distinguished statesman, has indisputably added to our own stock of information concerning the Celestial Empire. One interesting discovery is that in China, contrary to the custom of the Courts of Europe, there is only one Order conferred upon distinguished personages, instead of the great variety which obtain at our own and Continental Courts. This is the famous Order of the Double Dragon, which is divided into five classes, each of which, in its turn, is subdivided into a variety of grades. His Excellency intends to confer this Order, in various classes and grades, upon some three hundred personages with whom he has been brought into agreeable association during his protracted tour. Paris, St. Petersburg, and London have all competed for the honour of manufacturing the souvenirs of the quite unique progress of a great Oriental statesman through the Western world, and it is interesting to know that in this international competition England has been successful. The manufacture of the Order was entrusted to the well-known firm of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, which has succeeded in



CHINESE ORDER OF THE
DOUBLE DRAGON.

faithfully reproducing the very elaborate Chinese ornamentations and characters in the finest repoussé work in gold and silver, embellished by rich vari-coloured enamels.

The female gorilla at the "Zoo" has succumbed to the climate or to the depression of captivity. At this moment there is not a solitary gorilla in the whole of the British Islands. This fact cannot but excite grave concern. Monkeys adapt themselves to the eccentricities of our weather; but the gorilla, man's nearest relation among the animals, refuses to exist among us. Can it be that the contemplation of the highest achievement of evolution fills the gorilla's bosom with a consumptive envy? Did the gorilla at the "Zoo" say to herself when she saw the lady visitors, "Why am I an ape instead of a woman?" Dr. Louis Robinson, who knows all about the emotions of dogs and cats, ought to study the psychology of gorillas, and find out whether the sights of civilisation make them die of melancholy.

I owe the sincerest apology to two artists for a blunder in our last issue. The picture entitled "Love in Autumn," which appeared in the Guildhall Gallery last year, was wrongly attributed to Mr. S. J. Solomon, the well-known A.R.A. The picture from which our illustration was taken was by Mr. Simeon Solomon, who painted it in Florence some thirty years ago. Mr. Simeon Solomon, who has more than once before been confused with his distinguished namesake, made some reputation in the early 'sixties with a picture entitled "Habet"—a scene in the Colosseum in which Roman ladies are watching gladiators.

We have all heard of the member of the Savile Club who described that well-known haunt of second-rate men of letters and hard-up men of title in the epigram—

I do not like the Savile Club;
The wine is bad, and worse the grub;

but that institution may now be considered quite eclipsed by a rival on the Thames Embankment—the National Liberal Club—that is, if we are to believe a correspondent who dates from that address—

There is a very strong feeling [he writes] that the National Liberal Club thoroughly deserves the bad state of its balance-sheet. If things go on as at present, the difficulties which surround the Club cannot take very long to bring about its extinction. They are mainly due to the fact that members are revolted by the utterly bad management. The coffee is atrocious, and bad coffee is alone enough to drive men away. The dining-room arrangements are conducted in the most slovenly fashion, and the attendance would discredit a second-rate restaurant. The cooking also is thoroughly bad, and in this connection a sprightly saying is going the round which is attributed to a well-known journalist. He was very angry because of the dismissal of a French cook, who complained that the members called his dainty dishes "mook." "This," said the journalist to his fellow-committeemen, "is not at all surprising, when you think that most of them have been accustomed some time or other to carry their solids in a red pocket-handkerchief and their liquids in a paraffin-oil can."

"What best describes the progress of the Christian pilgrim, and, at the same time, most impedes his way?" was an ancient conundrum which condescended, in its answer of "Bunyan," to perpetrate one of the most shocking puns on record. I was reminded of this atrocious joke by learning from a friend, the other day, that Miss Grace Hawthorne's company are actively rehearsing a play on the subject of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." This somewhat strange experiment was to have been tried at the St. James's Theatre during the absence of the popular Prisoner of Zenda, who, like the hero of Bunyan's allegory, has a special experience in dungeons. It is now, I understand, doubtful whether the new religious play will not see the light at some other theatre. My friend, who is not unconnected with the venture, was somewhat reticent on the matter; but he considered (and he is a gentleman with long experience in things theatrical) that this arrangement of the classic for the stage would be decidedly effective. One rather remarkable feature of the forthcoming Pilgrim I did learn. "Christian," who

has dropped wife and family—perhaps in the same manner as he got rid of his burden—is to figure as a gay bachelor on his eventful journeyings, and he will be represented by the fair Miss Hawthorne herself. I confess there is a sound of burlesque in this connection—principal boy, and all that sort of thing—but I am assured the production, far from being anything of this frivolous kind, will be quite serious.

I've been to Bayreuth. That alone will account for this ditty of mine—

In Bayreuth town, where Wagner's king,
Where burns the master's flame,
You'll find that every blessed thing
Is christened by his name.
They've Wagner pens and Wagner ink,
With Wagner sausages and drink;
And if he knew the craze, I think
That Dick would blush for shame.

There's Wagner's grave and Wagner's house,
Where Wagner's widow stays,
And if you've got linguistic nous
You'll understand the phrase—
Hier wo mein Wännen Frieden fand
Sei dieses Haus von mir benannt;
And there you ought to go and plant
Your little wreath of bays.

I asked a man to shave my chin,
He offered Siegfried scent;
And when he spoke of Lohengrin,
I found bay-rum was meant.
In fact, where Richard Wagner's pope
He stands the universal trope—
There's Wagner combs and Wagner soap
To any wild extent.

The tailors deal in Wotan ties
And Meistersinger hats;
There's Fricka frocks (of varied dyes)
And Hunding crochet mats.
The post-cards bear old Wagner's face,
While Wagner Strasse is a place;
For all I know you'll find a trace
Of Wagner dogs and cats.

And thus for days on end I knelt
At Richard Wagner's shrine,
Until at last the whole wide Welt
Seemed bounded by his line.
I learned to say that Parsifal
Was something more than colossal;
And now I scorn my dearest pal
Who holds him not divine.

The Hotel Cecil has had a "happy thought." Someone has noticed how often the lonely diner seeks to distract himself by gazing at the menu. I can generally find ten minutes' amusement in studying the amazing French. Consequently the Hotel Cecil presents him with some light food for the mind by putting the menu into a sort of magazine. It has a taking cover designed by Dudley Hardy, and contains three pages of gossip *de rebus generalibus* lightly written under the head of "Table Talk," a couple of pages on sport, and an article for the ladies called "Fine Feathers." In addition is full information about the amusements of London, a calendar giving an announcement of the events of the week, the programme of the hotel concerts, and some pictures. The whole thing is handsomely got up and well printed, and is offered to guests at the price of—nothing.

The headache which oftentimes makes cowards of the pluckiest has called forth innumerable cures, many of which are really injurious to the health. I have lately found Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine an excellent pick-me-up of proven harmlessness.

When the recent Fire Brigades Tournament was in progress at the Agricultural Hall, there was no more energetic or conspicuous figure than the President of the Reception Committee, Captain T. G. Dyson, Chief Officer of the Windsor Fire Brigade, who was simply indefatigable in his efforts to provide for the amusement and instruction of the



GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN T. G. DYSON.

Continental and Colonial visitors. In recognition of his successful efforts, the French Government have had a special gold medal struck for presentation to him, and he has just received it, with a most flattering letter from the Minister of the Interior. The motto, "Dévouement, courage, émulation," might well be accepted as the fireman's *mot d'ordre* all the world over.

Miss Mabel Hardinge, who has made so great a hit as Lucy in "The Professor's Love-Story," has just started on a third tour in that part with Mr. Thalberg's company, but during it will also undertake the part of Angela Brightwell in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." Miss Hardinge recently made a success in London at the Court Theatre, when she played the part of the frisky maid, Ellen, in the revival of "Dr. Bill," for she is one of the cleverest and most charming *ingénues* now on the stage, though it is not very long since she was reckoned one of our cleverest child-actresses. She is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Maltby, and it is a regrettable fact that both mother and daughter contemplate leaving us for a time, as they have had some very tempting offers from Australian managers, and it is one of Miss Mabel's pet ambitions to visit the Antipodes and to charm Colonial audiences.

Her dramatic career began at the Opéra Comique in 1882, under the management of Miss Hilda Hilton when she produced "Bondage," and the following year she went on tour as the French child in "Jane Eyre" in the late Charles Kelly's company. Then for two years she left the boards and returned to the school-room; but her love of acting was already strong enough to make her despise the three R's, so in 1885 she was allowed to return to her profession, and started on tour again as the child in "The House on the Marsh." Two years later she was with the Clayton-Cecil company for a tour with "The Schoolmistress" and "The Magistrate," and later in the same year she played Miss Annie Hughes's part in "Held by the Enemy" with such success that Mr. Warner at once engaged her for a tour in it. Then came another retirement to the school-room until January 1889, when we find her with Mr. Charles Hawtrey's company for Giannina in "Fennel," and she was also seen in "Aunts and Uncles" and "Merry Margate," as understudy to both Miss Vane Featherstone and Miss Lottie Venne. In June of that year she joined Mr. Willard's company at the Shaftesbury, to play Agnes Ralston in his production of "Jim the Penman," and at the close of the run of that piece went to Mr. Edouin to play Lucy in "Our Flat." This rôle she undertook literally at a moment's notice and she was fortunate enough to make a great hit in it.

From there she went on tour with "Cousin Kate," and after that joined Miss Janette Steer, and at the Theatre Royal, Reading, was seen in one of her manageress's own plays, "Idols of the Heart," by Mr. Wyndham, who at once offered her a twelve months' engagement, one which eventually extended over two years. At the end of that time Mr. Warner sent for her to play Stella Darbishire in "Captain Swift," and among her archives she still cherishes a very charming letter from that actor-manager praising her and thanking her warmly for her performance.

Then she had a most successful tour in the title-rôle of "Sweet Lavender," and twenty-four hours after her return to town she was called back to the Strand to play Hattie in "Niobe." In

October of the same year, 1892, she was specially engaged for the production of "The Idler" at the Parkhurst Theatre, and in the following New Year went to Messrs. Gatti to create the part of Nellie West in "Shall We Forgive Her?" at the Adelphi, from there journeying further west to fill her engagement under Mr. Chudleigh at the Court Theatre for the production of "The Gay Widow," after which she was in "Dr. Bill," and then "went out" in her present rôle. During a summer vacation she created the leading part in a one-act play by Mr. Austin Fryers, called "The Dead Past," after which she again returned to Mr. Thalberg, and made a great success at Oxford as the romping, pert school-girl Dolly, in "A Close Shave," by Thalberg, and Elaine Shrimpton in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and as Dolly she brought down the house with a song called "Dimples."

Accustomed as I am to sit wearily in my stall at Covent Garden until within a few minutes of the witching hour of night, I consider as most salutary a recent decree of the Madrid municipal authorities ordering all performances to finish at half-past twelve at latest. Hitherto it seems some have dragged their slow length along up to 2.30 a.m. The German 6.30 to 9.30 system is decidedly too provincial and bourgeois for most people's taste; but, in my opinion, it should be quite feasible to end every performance comfortably by, say, half-past eleven.

To those in the ring, an interesting feature of holiday-times is the appearance of articles by the understudy. After "a first night," I read the papers with curiosity, to see whether any of my friends are groaning at the deeds of their substitutes. As a rule, the "sub." "lays himself out" to be brilliant; for the time he has a chance of distinguishing himself, and distinction can only come from "smart" writing. I think one of my friends is groaning, for I saw in his column the other day, "Miss — would be pleasing if she were a little less lank and loose in her physique and in her art." Sometimes one is compelled to speak unkindly of the physique of an actress: when a lady with a snub nose

appears as the heroine of "Macbeth," or when one who, like Matilda Jane, weighs about two hundred pounds, takes the part of Pierrot, one has to hint, as delicately as possible, that an indiscretion has been committed. On the other hand, even if an actress is as ugly as an ornamental railway bridge, but is playing a comic part that does not demand comeliness in its representative, to speak of her personal defect is impertinent in both the scholarly and vulgar senses of the term; it is an ungallant act which shows bad breeding. The lady in question is more than common tall, and wore dresses that somewhat exaggerated her stature, but in other plays has shown that she has an admirable figure, so "lank" is a charge founded on ignorance. The "loose," of course, is a meaningless adjective, used owing to the foolish craving of inept writers for alliteration. Of course, the acting so clumsily described by these inappropriate adjectives is fair matter for discussion, and my opinion is not that of this chivalrous writer.



MISS MABEL HARDINGE.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

Miss Ellen Terry, who has just returned to town for the rehearsals of "Cymbeline," has been spending some weeks of well-earned rest after the Lyceum Company's arduous year of travel at her charming cottage in the old-world village of Winchelsea. To this picturesque retreat, of which I give an illustration, the great actress always withdraws herself when she is studying a new part, and in the peaceful atmosphere of the beautiful Sussex country around the ancient Cinque Port, from which the sea has now so far receded, she has lately been devoting her whole time to Shakspeare's Imogen. The legion of Miss Terry's admirers will be very glad to hear that the slight affection of the eyes by which she recently was troubled has been most satisfactorily relieved by a small operation.

The forthcoming opening by Mr. Tree and the late Haymarket Company of Mr. Albert Fredericks's magnificent new playhouse at Stratford, the Borough Theatre, reminds me once again of the enormous facilities for booking lucrative tours in and about London afforded by the present extraordinarily rapid growth of Metropolitan theatredom. Without stirring an inch out of Greater London, managers of various ranks can arrange for six, eight, or even more, consecutive weeks' profitable engagements at the non-West-End and the suburban houses. I have no wish to make invidious comparisons, but here, for instance, is the outline of an excellent "No. 1 tour":—Grand (Islington), Métropole, Pavilion, Grand (Croydon), and, when they are all completed, the Borough (Stratford), Brixton, and Shakspeare (Lavender Hill). Mr. Charles Wilmot, Mr. Isaac Cohen, Mr. J. B. Mulholland, Mr. Tom Craven, and their *confrères*, will joyfully "own the soft impeachment."

In another circuit, wherein the claims of melodrama are not to be despised, might be ranked the Surrey, Britannia (mainly, however, a "stock" house), Standard, Elephant and Castle, West London (formerly known as the Marylebone), and the other theatres at Croydon and Stratford, both called the Royal. The well-managed Lyric, Hammersmith, already takes many good touring companies, and so do the successful Parkhurst and such minor houses as are to be found at Kilburn, Ealing, and Richmond. Less easy to be "placed" are the Novelty, the Royal Artillery Theatre at Woolwich, and the Victoria, Walthamstow; and there will, by-and-by, be chances for filling in other "vacant dates" at Fulham, Stoke Newington, and the projected new King's Cross theatre. Here, of a truth, are plentiful opportunities for the purveyors alike of high-class West-End successes, musical comedy, farcical pieces, all grades of melodrama, and so forth, and so forth.

Madame Katti Lanner is very hard at work on rehearsals of the "Monte Cristo" ballet, which should be ready for the public at the end of next month. August is a month for holidays, and nobody deserves one more than our greatest living *maitresse de ballet*; but she never allows pleasure to interfere with duty. For five days a-week she is at the Tottenham Court Road establishment, and every evening is in her place on the stage of the Empire. It is very hard work, and yet she never tires physically or mentally. Her treatment of the familiar story will be looked for with great interest, for although "Richard-Henry" is responsible for the scenario, the real work and the poetic treatment are, of course, with Madame. "But that I am forbid . . . I could a tale unfold," as I know nearly all about the forthcoming production. I can and may supplement the published list of characters. Of course, Madame Cavallazzi will fill the title-rôle; Mdlle. Zanfretta, happily recovered from her indisposition, will be Mercedes; pretty Ada Vincent will be Haydée; Mdlle. Cora will impersonate Lola, a Catalanian

girl; John Ridley will appear as Danglars, Will Bishop as a Sergeant of Gendarmes, and Alma Courtland, hitherto a coryphée, as Ferrand. Rehearsals of a ballet are one of the most amusing sights in London, and I have been to several. Recently, however, one of the fair dancing ladies told me that she and her charming sisters of the ballet did not feel comfortable when visitors came to rehearsal, and I thereupon registered a vow never to intrude again.

A legal tribunal in Paris has declared the *claque* to be contrary to elementary reason. Bought applause is derogatory both to the artists and to the audience. What can the actor care for the plaudits of the *claque*, and how can the audience express their pleasure when they are liable to be confused with the gentlemen who are hired to be pleased? These not very original conclusions have at last been reached by the legal mind in Paris, and it remains to be seen whether they will have the effect of extinguishing a particularly ignominious traffic. It may seem strange that the players in France have not long ago protested against the *claqueur*. Applause is the breath of the actor's nostrils, but when it ceases to be spontaneous and becomes a degraded profession, you would think it must be hateful to every sensitive ear. In one of Alphonse Daudet's short stories, in "Les Femmes d'Artistes," there is an explanation of the tolerance vouchsafed by the Parisian artists to the *claque*, but it is so cynical that I forbear to quote it.

Another glimpse of the histrionic temperament is furnished by the answers of well-known players and singers to a cut-and-dried list of questions in the *Figaro*. They have nothing particular to say about their habits and ambitions, these favourites of the Paris public. One of them conceived the not very original idea of answering the question "Who is your favourite dramatic author?" with "He who gives me a good part"; and now this naïve confession is imitated in a quite sheep-like way by others.

"The Geisha" was produced for the first time out of town by Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's Company at the Theatre Royal, Bournemouth, which these gentlemen have recently purchased. In fact, the performance of "The Geisha" in question inaugurated their local management as well as their tour. Most notable successes were made by Miss Minnie Leverentz as O Mimosa San, the part created by Miss Marie

Tempest; Miss Maude Bowden, in Miss Letty Lind's rôle of Molly Seamore; and Mr. W. Cromwell as the Tea-House Proprietor Wun-Hi, so effectively played at Daly's by Mr. Huntley Wright. On the opposite page I give a couple of photographs of the troupe, taken in the grounds of the Grand Hotel, Bournemouth, which must have looked as if they had been transformed into a midday fancy-dress ball-room for the occasion.

Miss Minnie Leverentz, the O Mimosa San in Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's Company, has for several years been an important member of Mr. Arthur Rousbey's admirably organised English Opera Company. I have seen Miss Leverentz, always with pleasure, in such diverse parts as Marie in "The Daughter of the Regiment," Lazarillo in "Maritana," Lola in "Cavalleria," and the Gipsy Queen in "The Bohemian Girl." The charming Miss Geraldine Ulmar has returned to the stage to play Mimosa in Mr. George Edwardes' "Geisha" Company on tour, Misses Marie Studholme and Andrée Corday representing respectively Molly Seamore and Juliette Diamant. Mr. Bertie Wright, one of the brothers of Mr. Huntley Wright, is the Chinaman with the Edwardes Company, and Mr. John Coates the Reginald Fairfax.



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S COTTAGE AT WINCHELSEA.

Photo by Miss Helena Padgett.

"THE GEISHA" AT BOURNEMOUTH.

From Photographs taken in the Open by Miell and Ridley.



AN OPEN-AIR TEA-HOUSE.



"THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE COMPANY."

Several new musical comedies are in course of preparation for provincial production. One, to be run by a syndicate, has the piquant title "A Society Scandal." "En Route" is the name of another, in which the Bucalossi family are concerned, the company being that of Mr. B. Brigata, and most of the music coming from the pens of Mr. Ernest Bucalossi and Mr. P. Bucalossi. Between them they should make "En Route" tunelessly attractive, at any rate. In a third, "Le Bal Masque," the moving spirit is Mr. J. G. Taylor, junior, who bears the name of an admirable comedian now seen in the West-End less frequently than of former years.

English admirers of Ambroise Thomas will be pleased to know that the dead composer is being done honour to in Metz, his native place. The Rue de la Cathedrale, wherein he was born, is now called the Rue Ambroise Thomas, the change being shown by blue plaques in both French and German.

I regret to hear that, quite early in the tour of "Mary Pennington, Spinster," Miss Olliffe, who was playing the title-rôle, was taken seriously ill, and had to be left behind at Newcastle.

In Mr. Arthur Bearn's company touring with "The Star of India," the part of Oriana, the little slavey, so successfully played at the Princess's by Miss Sydney Fairbrother, is now cleverly sustained by Miss Daisy Pender Cudlip. Surely this must be a very near relation of Mrs. Pender Cudlip, the novelist, better known as Annie Thomas.

Miss Fortescue, who, like all true artists, is not content with resting on her laurels, has added to her repertory "Forget-Me-Not," in which she assumes the rôle of Stephanie de Mohrivar, the adventuress, formerly played so splendidly by Miss Geneviève Ward. Miss Ward, who is now one of the most familiar and conspicuous figures in the stalls on first nights, will allow me to pay tribute again to the well-remembered magnificence of her performance in the great scene with the lamented John Clayton.

Miss Helen Kinnaird, a lady of statuesque proportions and an accomplished actress to boot, has been engaged by Sir Henry Irving for the part of the Queen in "Cymbeline."

Penny editions of popular novels are dealing a timely death-blow to the "dreadful" and all works of blood. In all the tiny country shops where one can buy at the same counter sweets, boot-laces, cheap literature, and other necessities, the poster dealing with the merit of healthy penny-worths has taken the place of the highly coloured horror dealing with murder and robbery. I have asked nearly twenty small shopkeepers in different parts of rural England, and they all seem to think that there is more trade in legitimate fiction than in "penny bloods." There is only one hero whose retirement from public service I deplore; his name was Sweeney Todd, and by profession he was a demon barber. For many years he startled me from glaring posters as he stood watching the descent through the trap of some unfortunate but well-groomed man, whose only evident fault in life had been confidence in a very obvious villain. My good friend "Carados" assures me there is a fine sensational drama dealing with Mr. Todd, and has promised to take me to see it when next played in town; while I am not for a moment ashamed to confess that I look forward with deep interest to meeting the barber in the flesh. Mr. Fred Powell, famous for his grip of iron, is the only man I can imagine in the character. In these degenerate days the only demon barbers we can boast of are two gentlemen, formerly of the Strand, now doing time for adding dentistry to their other work and charging humorous prices for uncertificated if not unskilled labours. I am always sorry to see half-hearted measures like these; if we must have villainy, let it be something that can be spread over four acts and fill a minor theatre.

I went down to Oxfordshire for rest and recreation, to lose sight of all my friends and hold communion with Nature. On the second morning of my visit I went for a long walk through exquisite country, climbed a high hill, and sat on the summit. Roads, leading no chance traveller knows whither, went along on each hand; I took no notice of them. A beautiful pied wagtail came from a hedge, put his head on one side, and stared at me with great interest. Seeing I meant no harm, he took a dust-bath. A fat toad hopped out of the same hedge, and I advised him to enter an action for slander against one Will Shakspeare or his responsible descendants in order to refute the calumny that he was "ugly and venomous." The toad did not reply, but puffed laboriously; like Hamlet, he was "fat and scant of breath." Moreover, he was in love with a beautiful ladybird of mature age, who lightly climbed a long blade of grass, and he sat still sighing with passion. The wagtail came almost within reach of my hand as he shook the dust off, and then we all heard the sound of wheels. The ladybird tumbled on to a shorter grass-stem, the toad hopped off heavily, and the wagtail flew away. The sound came nearer, and a dog-cart came round the corner, driven by a man I know. He is a very Londoner, and his presence blotted out the landscape and filled it with suggestions of the Strand. He began by expressing surprise at seeing me "in such a dead-and-alive hole," told me a lot of scandalous stories that were chestnuts before I left town, and finally, on my refusal to accept "a lift," drove off quite unconscious that he had spoiled my morning. Had I had my gun with me, would a jury have brought in a verdict of "Justifiable homicide"?

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

We have reason to be grateful to our present distinguished Chinese visitor for adding very considerably to the gaiety of our slack holiday-time. Parliament, to be sure, sat rather late, but there was little entertainment in obstruction, and none in business. At best the internecine feuds of Irish members might rouse a languid smile; but even among them now peace is as nearly established as it is ever likely to be. Even the gifted Tim, softened perhaps by summer or his own success, describes his political opponents in language uniformly fit for publication. Had we not possessed his Excellency Sir Li, K.V. (if those are the proper initials for a Knight of the Victorian Order), we had ere now been writhing like Laocoön and his sons in the folds of the perennial sea-serpent. But how can even a professedly comic paper be dull with a daily feast of fun from the lips of Li—or his interpreter? Think of the side-splitting variations on Li, Hung, Tong, Chang, and other contending forms of the great Oriental's name!

Certainly there never was such a person, outside a Law Court, for asking pertinent and embarrassing questions. And if Li possessed the legal right to extort a plain and candid answer, his conversations would be even more funny. For instance, what a joy it would have been to know what Mr. Gladstone *really* thinks of Lord Salisbury! And how richly humorous would have been the truthful answers of the American lady interviewer on whom Li turned the tables by three telling questions, to wit—(1) How old are you? (2) Why are you not married yet? and (3) Why don't you stay at home? Not that there is any difficulty in supplying reasons for the celibacy and the absence from the States.

Very possibly the direct method of Chinese interrogation may do good by setting men thinking how they could truly answer such searching questions. It is always good for us to be pulled up occasionally and bidden to seek for the real motives of our conduct; and it is a wholesome shock sometimes to see how very peculiar our actions may appear to others exempt from our fixed ideas. For instance, how salutary a discipline it might have been, and perhaps was, for Li to have asked some eminent commander whether he was suffering from intellectual or alcoholic aberration when he made his famous remark about, &c. &c. ! What healthful bitter might have lain in the query whether a distinguished descendant of the Plantagenets opposed all the measures of the Government from envy or from ill-temper! Nay, might not even some anti-English editor be sobered by the knowledge that Li could only consider his editorial temper as the result of a bribe from an enemy.

However, we can and should spare our guest cheerfully. He is wanted in the States more than even here. Speech may be silver; but of speeches and of silver America is now overfull, and may welcome the Socratic interrogations of Li. Lies in the plural are abundant during a Presidential election; but there is only one singular Li. For instance, Hung Chang, *seu* Chung Tong *libentius audit*, might ask Mr. Bryan what commission he would charge his silver-mining supporters on their increased sales in the event of success; and if the candidate repudiated any such corrupt designs, Li would possibly remark in his concise manner, "Then you must be mad." For the Celestial mind cannot, as a rule, grasp the idea of utterly disinterested unselfishness in politics.

And why should the Popocrat candidate not share in the motives that he recommends to others? Stripped of his verbiage, his method is that of the Unjust Steward. "How much owest thou?" he asks the Western farmer. "A hundred dollars in gold." "Sit down quickly and write silver." The Unjust Steward would have said, "Sit down quickly and write fifty"—which comes to the same thing in practice, though it sounds more cynical. So Mr. Bryan is asking debtors generally to pay in a medium that costs them only half the trouble to earn that the real amount of the debt would cost, and he hopes that they will, in gratitude, receive him into the White House. And all this because the Western and Southern States and their populations owe sums to capitalists and others of the Eastern States and Europe which they find it hard to pay. If the greedy British investor is to be baffled and his prey torn from his gilded talons (I speak as a Silverite), then surely the easiest way is to declare the United States bankrupt, and pay a first and final dividend of ten shillings in the pound.

Certain States, towns, and individuals have promised to pay certain people, by way of principal or interest of loans, certain sums, calculated in a certain circulating medium. That medium has become somewhat scarcer since the debt was contracted, and thus it requires more labour to pay the debt than formerly. This is hard on the honest debtor; but debtors are not as a rule too comfortable, nor is it well that they should be. If the debtors can pay the full amount legally due, well and good; if not, they must be bankrupt; and if they are, as Ko-Ko puts it, why not say so? To pay in silver at an arbitrary and obsolete ratio is only another and a less honest way of doing the same thing. Of course, England comes in for the abuse of the Silverite; England has lent countless millions merely to ruin silver and those that use it, and England is the enemy of the human race.

But what have the creditor's morals to do with the debt? Worthy Silverites, did you not ask for the loans? Were you not glad to get them? Did you not promise to pay them back? Very well; pay, or plead poverty, and be bankrupt like honest men. MARMITON.

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THE ART OF THE DAY.



ART NOTES.

The holidays and *holinights* (the word was used by Keats, but it has never "caught on") are now in season; and if English weather does not invite to such costume, or such absence of it, as Mr. A. W. Bayes gives us in his "Three Little Maids from School," the more welcome is its suggestion of the sun that is surely shining in enchanted lands. No apples, we must hope, will invite these three young graces to discord. The original picture, which our illustration reproduces, has been one of the attractions at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

Such summer creatures are we, we never like to be told that autumn is at hand. The falling leaves, already thick in London parks, are the first proclamations of the passing of the year's prime; and the country follows suit in this as in much beside. But if autumn is to come, she comes as gaily as may be in the picture by St. Reichen which we reproduce. She is there seen as a huntress; and in that rôle she ought to be particularly well received by Englishmen. But it is, perhaps, to poets rather than to painters that we are indebted for the presentments

rather a good defence of a dank season, from a painter's point of view, when he said that Scotland in the autumn was "like a wet pebble with the colours brought out by the rain."

Sir John Millais achieved some of his best triumphs as a portrait-painter. But besides his acknowledged likenesses of such men as Newman and Tennyson, Gladstone and Bright, and a score of other celebrities, he has left us in his subject pictures counterfeit presentments of men and women likely to be interesting to posterity for one reason or another. Trelawny, the friend of Shelley, who assisted at his strange obsequies, is the grand old buccaneer in "The North-West Passage." He spent some of the last years of his life as a near neighbour of Sir John Millais in South Kensington, and he made a magnificent model for that particular character. For "The Huguenot" sat another friend, General Arthur Lempriere; and the lady of the same piece was Miss Ryan. In "The Order of Release" we have a portrait of Lady Millais as she was when the painter first met her. Mrs. Perugini, then Miss Kate Dickens, sat for the girl in "The Black Brunswicker." "The Boyhood of Raleigh" and "My First Sermon" are fancy-dress portraits of the painter's son and daughter. A well-known art critic



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THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.—A. W. BAYES.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

of this "gipsy of seasons" which linger longest in the eye of the mind. We know her most familiarly as the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," and as the "close bosom friend of the maturing sun," with whom she conspires "to load the vines"—

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees.

Then there is the figure of Autumn "sitting careless on a granary floor," or a gleaner, keeping "steady her laden head across a brook," or a watcher by a cider-press, regarding the "oozings, hours by hours." These are pictures superior to any we have had in paints.

Sir John Millais was a painter of autumn. Possibly he loved the season itself better than the spring or the summer, just as Charles Kingsley preferred the east wind to the west. More likely, however, the season Millais loved best was—the London Season. And not till that was well over did he betake himself to his Scottish home, where landscape became again possible to him. The public of sale-rooms is supposed to like sunny and smiling scenes, but Sir John Millais had no difficulty in getting £3225 for his "Chill October." He himself made

sat for "Ferdinand Lured by Ariel," and the banquet scene from "The Pot of Basil" gathers half the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood round the board.

Readers of the daily papers have been reminded of the association of Millais with most of the great poets of his day. He had met Wordsworth, and illustrated Keats and Tennyson, and allied himself with Rossetti, and painted "The Angel in the House." But the name of another poet should be added to the list. In 1875 Millais exhibited a picture illustrating Mr. George Meredith's "Crown of Love." These beautiful verses were first published in *Once-a-Week*, but they have not been included in the final collection of his poems—

O! might I load my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of romance
Who loved and gained so gloriously
The fair princess of Franco!

Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed
To where the mountains touched the sky:
So the proud king decreed.

Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath;
And on the height she would be won—
And she was won in death!

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE UNDOING OF MATTY WHITE.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

I.

Matty White was feeling very miserable. She sat on the edge of a plush-covered sofa, in an untidy little room, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands. Her fingers were stuffed into her mouth, and her hair was very much rumped.

The room door opened and a young man entered. He was a long-haired, white-faced youth, with a nascent moustache, and rather fine eyes. He came towards Matty with a smile on his red lips, and made as if to embrace her. She dropped her hands and sprang to her feet.

"Half a minute," she said.

He lifted his eyebrows and fingered his moustache.

"What on earth's the matter?" he exclaimed.

The girl's bosom throbbed heavily under her thin blouse, and the corners of her mouth began to droop.

"I'm very unhappy," she said.

"That's very stupid of you," he remarked.

"No. I was stupid before—when I was happy," she replied.

He laughed. "Sit down and have some breakfast," he said.

"I shan't!" she cried. "And I won't be put off like this. Once for all, are you going to marry me or not?"

"My dear girl," he exclaimed, with an exaggerated drawl, "haven't I told you, times out of number, that I'm going to marry you?"

"Yes. But I want to know when. Here I've been living with you for a whole week already, and still I'm as far from being your wife as I have ever been."

There was a latent coarseness in her excited voice that irritated him.

"You'll be farther off still if you don't sit down and act sensibly," he said.

"What?"

"I didn't mean that exactly. Don't look at me as if I'd hit you. Sit down and have some breakfast."

She began to cry. "How can you expect me to—to eat as if I was happy and contented, when you know all the time I'm miserable?" she asked him. "Oh, Archie, do marry me soon! To-day! Why not? We can get a licence; and nobody'll know."

"Matty, why will you go on like this? Can't you understand that it doesn't suit me to marry you just yet?"

"Doesn't suit you? Why doesn't it suit you?"

"Why? Oh, there are lots of reasons. You wouldn't understand 'em, for, though you're the very dearest little girl in the world, you're also one of the most innocent, you know."

"Tell me one of the reasons. Surely, out of all the lots there is one that I can understand?"

"I'll tell you after breakfast."

"No—now."

"Don't be perverse, Matty."

"I'm not perverse."

"Yes, you are. You're wantonly provoking me. Do you fancy for an instant that I think you mistrust me?"

"But I do mistrust you. I don't want to, but I can't help it. Look how you put me off whenever I mention marriage."

"You'll make me angry in a minute."

"I—I don't care if I do. I'd rather hear you swear at me than say 'Sit down and have some breakfast.'"

"Sit down and have some breakfast."

Matty pushed back her rebellious hair behind her ears, and turned her back on him.

Archie rose and crossed over to where she stood.

"What a silly little puss it is!" he said, slipping his arm round her waist.

"Take your arm away!" she said pettishly.

"Never!" he cried, with mock vaingloriousness.

She seized his hand and threw it from her as if it had been a snake. So roughly did she use him that his knuckles struck the edge of the table, and he himself staggered back against the wall. Then she ran away from him with a nervous laugh, and entrenched herself behind a wickerwork arm-chair.

"You shouldn't plague me so," she said.

But he strode toward her with an oath on his white lips, and all her belated simulation of playfulness was frightened away in an instant.

"Don't be cross, Archie," she whimpered.

He swallowed his spleen with a great gulp.

"I'm not cross," he said.

"I didn't mean to hurt you."

"You haven't hurt me."

"Let me look at your hand."

"No."

"But I want to kiss it and make it well."

"Don't be a fool!"

"Archie!"

"Don't be a fool. Sit down. Listen to me."

She sat down, trembling. He sat down, too, on the opposite

side of the table. For some seconds both remained silent. At last the woman's impatience moved her to speech.

"What are you going to say to me, Archie?"

He smiled spitefully. "What you won't care much about hearing, I expect."

"Then why say it?" She tried to smile and half rose from her seat.

"Sit down!" he commanded her.

She pouted. "Don't talk to me like that, Archie," she said. "Now—ask me prettily."

He regarded her with a brutal leer.

"Your acting is out of joint," he said. "It's inartistic. You should have saved your heroics till now, not your pretty playfulnesses."

Her mouth drooped pathetically as she sat down again.

"You know I didn't mean to hurt you, Archie," she said.

He laughed and looked at his hand. "It's a bit red," he said; "but it doesn't hurt me one bit. I wish it did."

"Why?" she breathed.

"Why? Why, because then what I am going to say I could say more easily."

"What are you going to say?"

He pointed towards the door.

"Perhaps I needn't say it, after all," he said.

She slowly rose to her feet, and her wandering hands strayed upwards till they reached to her face. She pressed them hard to her temples.

"What do you mean?" she uttered hoarsely.

He still pointed to the door.

"Do you want me to go?"

A flush suffused his face and neck, but he still pointed to the door.

"You can't mean it! Archie?"

"Mr. Bendle, if you please."

She laughed piteously. "Don't frighten me, Archie," she wailed. "Put your hand down. . . Archie!" She leaned forward and stretched her hands towards him with a gesture of appeal. "You wouldn't be so cruel, Archie. You're only teasing me. Aren't you only teasing me? Aren't you?" She tottered, and put out her hand to save herself from falling; but her arm collapsed weakly, and she sank down on the floor.

Archie Bendle wiped the sweat from his forehead and came over to her side. She lay on her back on the gaudy carpet, with her head cushioned in her loosened hair. As he looked at her he grunted like a man who is having a tooth drawn. He knelt down beside her and raised her on his arm.

"Matty!" he whispered in her ear. "Matty!"

She gave a great sigh, but her eyes remained closed, and there was no touch of colour in her cheek. He lifted her on to the sofa and began chafing her hands. Then he fetched a flask of brandy from the sideboard and held it to her lips. The yellow spirit trickled down her chin and splashed on his hand, but the lips remained tightly closed. He shook her. He kissed her. He cursed her.

"Matty!" he whispered again. "For God's sake, rouse yourself! Matty—darling!"

She sighed again and opened her eyes.

"Archie," she murmured.

He stooped and kissed her.

"Better, Matty?"

"Oh, Archie!" she said. She put her trembling arms about his neck and bowed her head upon his shoulder. Hard sobs shook her bosom, and she shuddered like a frightened child. "Don't leave me. Kiss me again. Be good to me, Archie," she said.

"I will, so help me God—I will!"

His heart shrivelled within him as he spoke. He raised her up and sat down beside her on the sofa. She, half-crying, half-laughing, nestled very close to him and put up her lips for him to kiss. He took her in his arms and hugged her hungrily.

"There, there, don't cry," he said, as he tasted her salt tears.

"You were very cruel, Archie!"

"I was, Matty. God forgive me, I was!"

"You frightened me so, Archie."

"Forget it."

"I can't; but I forgive you. You didn't understand. You are a man—Archie!"

"Matty?"

"You will be good to me?"

He kissed her again.

"You won't ever be cruel. Think."

"How could I?"

"Ah, how could you? When you know. But you were cruel. You were very cruel, Archie."

"I was a brute, I know."

"But I was to blame, too."

"No."

"I was, Archie. I should have trusted you. And I hurt your poor hand."

"Faugh!"

"Let me see it. Is this the one?"

She bent her face towards it, but he snatched it away.

"I can't allow that, Matty."

"But I want to."

"Let me kiss your hand instead."

She gave him her hand, and he kissed it as one would kiss a poison-flask.

Presently a servant brought in the breakfast, and they sat down together at the table. They were both very quiet, but one of them was very happy.

When the meal was ended and the servant had taken away the tray, Archie said—

"And now—I will go out and see about the—licence."

Matty beamed at him across the table, but uttered no word.

"I shall be gone some little time, you know," said Archie. "It will be a—troublesome business, I'm afraid."

He moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and pushed back his chair.

"Poor Archie!" purred Matty. "He's quite pale. I'm sorry I frightened him so."

She smiled and pushed back her chair, too. They rose simultaneously, and, advancing towards each other, met in the centre of the room. He took her two hands in his and raised them to his lips.

"How cold your face is!" she exclaimed.

"A case of cool cheek, eh!" he said, and laughed noisily at his clumsy jest. His boisterous merriment jarred on Matty; it was too ghastly.

"You're not ill, Archie?" she said anxiously.

"Ill!" he exclaimed. "Why should I be ill?"

"You are so white—so—so cold."

"And you're a little silly!"

His manner puzzled her. Together they paced the length of the room, he biting his lips, she stealing upward glances full of trouble at him.

"Well?" he said at last, with laborious good-humour. "Well, little one?"

"Well?" she said demurely.

"This won't bring the marriage licence to us, will it?"

She supposed not.

"You suppose not!" he cried. "Ha! ha!" He laughed. "Give me one more kiss—one long, long kiss!"

He put her away from him and ran out of the room.

"Archie!" she cried, following him. "Archie!"

But he did not heed her. She leaned over the balustrade and saw him pause at the rack and go out with his overcoat swinging on his arm. Then she ran back into the room and watched him from the window. He walked like a half-drunken man. Once he turned and looked back. She waved her hand to him, but he gave her no farewell sign.

II.

Lest the reader should be inclined to sympathise unduly with Matty White, I would explain that she was merely an emancipated barmaid. Archie Bendle had made her acquaintance over the bar of the Blind Herons—a public-house off Fleet Street much frequented by long-haired mediocrities. Nevertheless, Matty was a wholesome little woman, albeit surpassingly ignorant of all save the grosser vices. Drunkenness she understood and could condone, but immorality was inevitably associated in her mind with patchouli. It was a thing that gentlemen were ashamed of. Of libertinism, as practised by the school in which Archie was a novice, she had not heard. Thus she fell an easy victim to him.

Matty White had breathed the fetid atmosphere of a public-house from the moment of her birth. There had been an infusion of beer in her mother's milk. When she was two years old her father died, and on her mother was thrust the burden of her upbringing. It was a burden that weighed Mrs. White down, for she was a conscientious woman, and her tongue was bitter with experience. When Matty was seventeen years old her mother died, and her mother's brother had offered her a position in his public-house, the Blind Herons.

She had left the Blind Herons clandestinely, eighteen months after her installation there, obediently to Archie Bendle's instructions.

Such was her history, roughly limned.

III.

When Archie Bendle had turned the corner and was no longer visible, Matty gave a happy little chuckle and withdrew from the window to the sofa.

A wee kitten thrust its pink nose round the edge of the door and staggered into the room. Matty ran and picked it up. She pressed its fluffy hide against her lips and began to play with it. Presently, when the kitten became too tired to romp, she let it curl itself up in her lap and go to sleep.

A slim little book lay on the arm of the sofa. She took it in her hand. On its title-page was printed "Poems. By Archie Bendle."

"Dear Archie!" murmured Matty, and kissed his name.

She began to read the book. There was a great deal of Latin in it, which she did not understand; but that mattered little to her, for the English was equally unintelligible. Nevertheless, she thoroughly enjoyed its perusal, and when she came to a line which, by its soft rhythm, appealed to her untutored mind, she conned it rapturously to herself over and over again.

It was twelve o'clock when she laid the book down. Archie had been gone two hours.

"He'll be back soon," she said to the kitten, which was sprawling in her lap; "and then we will go out together to some dear, dim old church and be married."

She rolled the kitten over with her hand. It lay blinking up at her, with its red mouth agape, pawing her hands.

Someone knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Matty, and the servant who had waited on them at breakfast entered.

"Mrs. Clamp says, will you have some lunch, Miss?" said the girl.

"Not just yet, thank you," said Matty; "I—I'll wait till Arch—my husband comes back."

He had told her to call herself Mrs. Bendle when he had taken her to the lodgings. "You know what these landladies are," he had said. "You must put up with it till we are married, I'm afraid. Then we will go away to a little house of our own."

"Will he be long, Miss, do you think?" the girl asked.

"I don't suppose so," Matty replied, and the girl went away.

But another hour passed, and still he did not come. Matty crossed over to the window and watched for him, leaning her cheek against the cold glass. Still he did not come.

Again there came a knock at the door. It was the landlady herself this time.

"Can't I persuade you to 'ave just a bite of suthing, Ma'am?" she said, with head askew. "Perhaps your husband's been detained somewheres. You'd better, Ma'am."

"No, thank you," Matty replied as before; "I'll wait till he comes back—Come, pussy," she said to the kitten, "let's have another romp."

But the kitten was sulky and would not be teased into activity. Matty took up Archie's book again, but it failed to interest her now. She wandered about the room, pulling open drawers, surveying herself in the glass, arranging the ornaments on the shelf, climbing up on chairs to better examine the pictures.

It was already three o'clock.

She went to the window again to watch for him. Presently it began to rain; the pavement changed from drab to brown; puddles formed in the road, and the walls of the houses exuded moisture. The month was December and the days were short. It began to get dark; shadows filled the room, and a man came to light the lamps in the street. She watched him with that feeling of utter absorption which often possesses us when our nerves are strained and the world holds no distractions for us.

"Shall I light the gas, Miss?"

It was the girl again.

"What for?" asked Matty.

The girl stared at her. "It's five o'clock and it's gittin' dark," she stammered. "I thought—"

"Surely it can't be five o'clock yet!"

"It on'y wants ten minutes, Miss."

"Very well, then. Light the gas."

The girl lighted it and pulled down the blinds.

"Well?" said Matty, seeing that she lingered.

"Mrs. Clamp told me to say, Miss, you'd better 'ave a cup of tea, Miss. You ain't 'ad anything since breakfast."

"I'm not hungry, thank you."

"But a cup of tea?"

"I assure you I don't want anything, except to be left alone."

The girl flicked at a chair with her duster and withdrew.

Presently Mrs. Clamp herself entered the room.

"Do 'ave a cup of tea, Ma'am," she said huskily.

"No, thank you."

"Not a cup of tea an' a bit o' toast?"

"No, thank you."

"I wish you would."

"I really don't want it."

"Your husband'll be cross wi' me if you don't eat nothin'," the woman said with an aggrieved air.

"No, he won't."

"Very well, Ma'am."

The woman fussed with the fire-irons, throwing Matty into a nervous agony, and at last went out. Matty lay down on the sofa, and turned a very white face up to the dingy ceiling. There was a clock on the mantelpiece; its noisy ticking irritated her. So she rose and stopped it. Then she lay down again.

What had happened to Archie? Where could he be? If he were dead and never came back to her any more? . . . Was the clock still ticking? Yes—No—Yes. She rose and listened. She was more interested in the clock just then than in anything else in the world.

She went once more to the window, and, pulling aside the blind, looked out. The rain was splashing against the panes, and everything was blurred. She let the blind drop and began to pace the room. What a horrible little room it was! She had never liked it. . . . Would Archie never come?

He never came. But there came instead a letter. Mrs. Clamp brought it up to her. She saw that it was from him, and her bosom turned to ice as she broke it open.

The letter was written on paper headed "The Outsiders' Club, Riderhouse Street, Strand." It was short. This is what it said—

Good-bye. I have behaved like a cad to you, Matty, and I cannot ask you to forgive me. I enclose a bank-note for fifty pounds. I have paid Mrs. Clamp up to the end of next week. If you are ever in trouble through me, write to me at the above address and I will do my best for you. Don't be afraid to write. Good-bye.

ARCHIE.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

She took the bank-note and dropped it on the fire. Then she sat down and laughed—laughed—laughed, rocking herself to and fro in an ecstasy of hideous mirth.

IV.

"What sort of a woman is she?"

"Who? The woman Archie is going to marry? Oh, a doughy sort. White face—red hair, low on the temples—you know the style—big, fat hands—and all that. The sort of woman that flops."

"H'm! Is she——?"

"Yes, fairly so, I believe. Rich enough, anyway, to publish volumes of poetry at her own expense, and enjoy doing it."

"He's a lucky dog!"

The speakers were three young men. They sat round the fire in the Outsiders' Club smoking-room, with their pipes between their lips.

"Though, mind you, Archie's been wonderfully straight lately," one of them said. "Since that affair of Matty White I don't believe he's had a lapse. And even his connection with Matty White is doubtful."

"Poor little Matty! I wonder what did become of her?"

"God knows! It was a damned shame, anyway. And if Archie's got Matty White on his conscience, I don't envy him, his matrimonial prospects notwithstanding."

"She was a dear little thing! Good, too, mind you. Not one of your bundles of affectation, but human right through."

"So she was. If I thought Archie had anything to do with her disappearance, I'd cut him to-morrow—and he knows it. That's why he's so close. Not that I see any harm in an occasional lapse of another sort, you know. A week's fooling at Henley with a chorus-girl, for instance, that is quite another thing, and it doesn't weigh heavy on his conscience either."

"You've been writing some silly things about conscience lately, Peter?"

"How so, fair youth?"

The fair youth shrugged his shoulders.

"Read the current *Weekly Diurnal* if you've forgotten," he said.

"I've not forgotten. What did I say?"

"If you've not forgotten, you know."

"I want to find out whether you know too."

"You've been saying that a man's conscience is a moral limb, just as a man's leg is a physical limb."

"Exactly."

"But the analogy?"

"The analogy is all right. It merely shows that conscience, being a moral limb, requires stretching occasionally just as an arm or a leg does. Could anything be clearer?"

"But your 'moral anatomy' is absurd."

"My moral anatomy is not mine. Ruskin invented the phrase."

"What do you know about Ruskin?"

"That you, Archie? Where have you sprung from? How much have you heard?"

"Enough to make me advise you to keep your head shut."

"Sit down and be civil."

Archie Bendle pulled forward a chair and sat down.

"I've been reading your paper on moral anatomy too," he said, "if that is what you were talking about when I came in."

"Like it?"

"It's dazzling at first. But, to tell you the truth, the more I think of it the less I think of it."

"Don't talk like a society author——"

"Writes?"

"Exactly!"

"What I object to in your paper is this: it doesn't go far enough—it ends in a *cul-de-sac*."

"How so, fair—how so?"

"You tell us that a moral limb needs stretching, but you don't tell us how to stretch it."

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"We were talking about taking chorus-girls to Henley for a week, just now. When a man does that sort of thing he stretches a moral limb. The idea's beautiful in its simplicity."

"What do you place at the head of our moral being, Peter?"

"Conscience, of course."

"But you can't stretch your head."

"You can yawn."

"Thanks, old man, I will." And he did.

"If what Peter says is true, then our moral being must be a very centipede for limbs."

"Facetious ass! Do you call that friendship?"

"Friendship! Oh, come, didn't you say a day or two ago that friendship is merely the best excuse yet invented for borrowing money?"

"When I said that—if I did say it—I was suffering from mental indigestion. Pass the matches."

"I've been thinking," said the young man whom Peter had addressed as "fair youth"—"I've been thinking that, if conscience is the head of our moral being, it dodders on a neck of prejudice."

"Drop it!"

"And, that being the case, I was wondering how many men are wandering through the world to-day with their moral necks broken. It's a dreadful thing to contemplate."

"So it is. Do you know what the waiter wants? He's been

hovering round the doorpost for the last five minutes. There he is again. Hi—you waiter! What do you want?"

"I wanted to say a word to Mr. Bendle, sir."

"To me?" cried Archie.

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

"Someone wants to see you, sir," he blurted out.

"Who is it?"

"I don't know the party, sir. It's a lady; leastways, a female, sir."

"The waiter is a man with a discriminating mind," whispered Peter.

"Look at the arch one. Did you ever see such a face?"

"I'll come out," Archie stammered. "Excuse me, gentlemen."

"I wish you luck, old man," said Peter.

Archie made a wry grimace. "Thanks," he said laconically. He rose and followed the waiter out of the room.

"Did the lady give you her name?" he asked the man.

"Yes, sir. Miss White, it was, sir. I didn't mention it before the other gentlemen, not knowing, you see——"

"All right. Where is she?"

"Outside, sir."

"You should have asked her into the hall."

"It's agin the rules, sir."

"Damn the rules! You needn't come. I can find her."

He ran downstairs, through the hall, into the street. Matty emerged from the shadows and stood before him.

"Take me away—to some place—where we can be alone," she said.

"I want to talk to you."

He had not seen her since that morning when he ran away from her, nearly a year ago. He tried to catch a glimpse of her face, but she wore a broad-brimmed hat that hid all but her mouth from him.

"Take my arm," he said.

She laid her hand on his sleeve, and he noticed that there were holes in her gloves.

"Shall we go to St. James's Park?" Archie asked her. "I'll call a hansom, if you like."

He was afraid of being seen with her by a passing acquaintance. Matty acquiesced. Archie hailed a cab, and they were driven to Whitehall.

It was late in the afternoon. The air was misty, and a chill wind was blowing.

"Now, Matty, what is it?" said Archie, as they strolled along under the trees.

"I must begin at the beginning," said Matty.

"Well?"

"It's a difficult story to tell."

"Perhaps I can help you. You didn't stay at Mrs. Clamp's, of course?"

"No; I left there the same night that I got your letter. I couldn't stay there, you know."

"Of course not."

"I took lodgings in a little street near Portland Road. It was imperative that I should find a means to earn my living, so I wrote answers to advertisements. I thought I might get a housemaid's place."

"Good God, Matty! You don't mean to say you sank as low as that. And you had my fifty pounds?"

"I burned that."

"Go on."

"I couldn't get a place because I hadn't got a character. Then I advertised for charring—to go out as charwoman, you know."

"Yes."

"I did get a few odd jobs, but not enough to live on. And every day the little stock of money I possessed grew woefully less and less. At last the landlady of the house I was lodging in asked me why I didn't go and work at the factory where her girls worked. Her girls earned twelve shillings a-week, she said, and there was no reason why I shouldn't do the same, as the factory was always taking on new hands. I confessed to my landlady that I couldn't produce a character, and she told me that the factory took on anybody. So I went to the factory. It was a button factory. I had to fasten the buttons on cards. I worked at the factory for six months. Then my condition was discovered, and I was discharged. The factory-girls objected to me, I believe."

"Ah—h—h! And then you wrote to me?"

"Then I wrote to you. With the money you sent me I took lodgings at Camberwell, and engaged a woman to look after me. She was a good woman, and helped me through my trouble. The child was born dead. It was better so."

"And then?"

"It appeared that my new landlady hadn't suspected my condition. She was properly scandalised, and refused to have me in her house any longer. So, as soon as I was strong enough to walk, I left Camberwell and took fresh lodgings at Holloway. There I lived until my stock of money was exhausted. I have tried to get work, but find it impossible—for a variety of reasons. I cannot make dresses or bonnets, you know: I am not strong; and I have no character. For the last month I have not tasted meat. I have lived on bread-and-butter and tea. Yesterday I spent my last penny, and was forced to leave my lodgings. All last night I tramped the streets, not daring to sit down to sleep anywhere, lest I should be arrested or some man should take advantage of me. I have thought of suicide, but cannot bring myself to put an end to the miserable existence I am so weary of. It seems a pitiful thing to say, but, do you know, for the last two or three months I have thought of nothing but beefsteaks and soft sofas and warm fires. I was nurtured delicately, and this never-ending pinching and scraping—this



IN THE PARK.



enforced niggardliness—is killing me. And I don't want to die. I don't! I don't! I am young. I want to eat and see and enjoy good things. . . . What do you think I spent my last fourpence on?"

He groaned. "God knows!" he said.

"I spent it on a box of chocolates."

She lifted her face to his, and he scanned it narrowly under the light. It was more beautiful than it had ever been, though it was white and drawn and there was a suspicion of bagginess under the eyes.

"Why didn't you come to me before?" he asked her.

"I don't know. I wish I had now."

"You knew I would have helped you, though, to tell you the truth, I am fearfully hard-up just now. There is a bankruptcy petition out against me. You don't know what that means, of course? Well, it means ruin."

She had not been listening.

"But you *will* take me back?" she said.

"Take you back?"

"I have come to tell you that I am tired of—of everything; that I am willing to live with you again—preferably as your wife, but, if that is impossible, as your creature."

"But—but—"

"You loved me once, didn't you?" He muttered something unintelligible. "Didn't you?" she repeated.

"Ye—es, I suppose so."

"You did? And you love me now?"

He turned his haggard face up to the sky, then down to the ground, to escape her eyes. His lips trembled.

"God forgive me!" he cried.

"You *will* take me back?"

It was horrible to hear her talk like this. Though he pitied her he loathed her. She tried to take his hand, to lay her head upon his breast. A half-drunken woman in a West-End bar had once tried to do the same thing, and he had permitted her.

"Matty, Matty!" he whispered hoarsely. "You can't be serious. You don't mean it. You—Matty!"

"I'm sick of being the Matty you knew before," she said. "I'm another Matty now. But I'm as beautiful as I was then, and I have kept myself pure. No other man—"

"I can't listen," he gasped. "I can't bear to hear you put yourself up for auction like this. Good God! Matty! Hark to yourself!"

"But you *will* take me back?"

He sat down on a seat and wiped his forehead. She sat down beside him, and tried to put her arms round his neck. He repulsed her.

"You mustn't," he said. "There are people about."

"Then take me home with you."

"I—I—no, Matty. I am ready to give you money—to—save you from yourself if I can, but not to do what you ask."

"Where do you live now? Are there sofas in your rooms and warm beds? Oh, I do so long to lie in a soft, warm bed?"

"God be merciful to me a sinner!" he gasped. "My punishment is too heavy for me!"

He turned to Matty.

"Let me see you to-morrow," he said. "I can't answer you now."

"I can't wait till to-morrow. You don't know what it is. And it's all your fault."

"It's all my fault!"

He rose from the seat and staggered along the side-walk. Matty followed him, catching at his hand.

"Archie!" she cried softly.

"Don't speak to me for a minute, Matty," he implored her. "Let me think."

She was silent. They walked the length of the Mall together.

Archie asked himself—Should he marry her? Should he throw over the girl with the red hair—and the thousands—and do the right thing? Was the consciousness of having done the right thing worth it? He decided that it was not.

"Listen to me, Matty," he said, "and try not to interrupt. In three days I shall be married. It does not matter to whom. You see, therefore, that it is impossible for me to do what you ask. I will, however, pay you something—anything, in reason, that you like to ask—as soon as I am married, on the understanding, of course, that you will forbear to write to me or try to see me in the future. More than this I cannot do. As I have told you, money is tight with me at present."

"And this is all you have to offer me?"

"What more can you ask?"

"I am sorry for your wife," said Matty.

"What do you mean?"

"You would use her money to keep your victims quiet. Ah, poor girl! Yes, I am very sorry for her."

He bit his lip.

"And do you think I would consent to take her money?" Matty asked him.

"It wouldn't be her money; it would be my money, then—"

"Yours by right of conquest, I suppose. No; since you will not take me back—will not marry me, as you ought—I will not trouble you further with my presence. But, ah! I will live such a life as will damn you eternally, for everything I do now I shall be doing because of you. And God will hold you responsible. I was the weaker vessel."

"Matty!"

But she was gone. He stood staring after her.

"I'm glad she didn't make a scene," he said.

"GINDANES."

The intolerable infinite desire
Made my face pale like faded fire.—SWINBURNE.

I am alone. He came last night and sat opposite me as I brooded over the fire. The room was lighted only by the blaze from the wood. When I saw him sitting opposite me I turned away. But I felt his eyes looking at me, looking through me, reading what was written on my soul. He was such a little fellow, hardly one to fear. He looked quite young, yet I knew he was old—very old. His face was sad, and I was afraid. We sat in the dim light, silent: he, looking at and reading me; I, trying to hide myself from him.

A long time we sat thus, with the firelight and the silence. Then he spoke.

"What have you done?"

"I?—what have I done?"

"Yes."

I knew what he meant: I knew what he wanted. But I could not tell him. So I said, "Nothing."

"Nothing?" he queried, and I felt the sorrow in his eyes, though I was gazing at the burning logs. "Nothing? Nay, you have *dreamed*."

"Yes, I have dreamed."

"And what has come of your dreams?"

"Nothing."

He drew closer to me. "You are a man, an old man now."

"Yes, I am an old man; leave me in peace, let me sit over my fire and dream my dreams."

"It is too late. Dream-time has passed. I want the result. Give me the result."

"There is nothing to give."

And I felt the sorrow in his eyes growing greater. There were tears in his voice.

"Do you remember him when he was a little child? Do you remember how he would lie in the long grass, with the cornflowers and poppies, and watch the blue sky and the grey clouds and the red sunset? Do you remember the air-castles he built with his child's brain? They were very lofty castles for a child."

"Yes, they were beautiful."

"And they were all to become real one day! And then he grew to youth, and he left his moorland home and the flowers and birds and animals he loved, and he went out into the world; he went into the great cities, and he saw his brothers and sisters, and though he did not love them so well as his purple moorlands and his golden skies, yet he loved them. And he saw good and evil, and he saw pain and pleasure; but there always remained with him his beautiful air-castle and his dreams."

"Do you remember the books he read—histories of great dead nations, stories of brave deeds, poems of love, and desire assuaged, and perfect peace? A strange fellow, surely! It was a fine thing to watch the struggle—the real with the ideal, the good with the evil. A brave struggle, for real and ideal and good and evil were strangely alike—in those days. A brave fight, which he always won. His castle was so great, he would be so free! Then youth passed to manhood. And still he dreamed!"

"Hush!" I cried. "Dreams were beautiful, and life was ugly. Dreams were all he possessed."

"But he was going to make life beautiful; he was going to make vice virtue, and sorrow joy."

"But it was so hard! The world was so deaf, and Sin was so strong, and beauty was very far away."

"He was a *man*! But he dreamed, and time passed. He dreamed, and Sin laughed at him and dragged men and women down. His air-castle was so lofty he could not go to help them. Hark! Do you not hear the voices of women crying and the groans of men and the sobs of children? They are calling to him, calling! And he has nothing to give them—only dreams. It is a pity, for there were few men such as he, and his dreams were very beautiful. But they were only dreams! And now it is too late. I have come to him and he has nothing to give me, so I must take his dreams."

"No, no," I cried; "no. I cannot live without them. They are all I have. Men have failed me; women have failed me. I have nothing save those beautiful dreams. Leave me my dreams."

"Give them me, for you have nothing else. Give me the dreams you dreamed when you lay amid the poppies and cornflowers. Give me the dreams you dreamed when you looked into a woman's eyes and saw Love written there. Give me the dreams you dreamed when you went into the world and saw sorrow and sin fighting with joy and pleasure. Give me the dreams you dreamed of great dead nations—of Rome, of Athens, of Pompeii. Give the dreams you dreamed of great poets, and the dreams you dreamed of the dead sweet loves. Give me the dreams that Dante, Virgil, Sappho, Homer, Swinburne, gave you. Give them all to me and come down from your castle-in-the-air. For you are a man, an old man; and for all your dreams you have done nothing. Your life is nothing, has been nothing, is nothing. It is barren, empty, fruitless; it is like a great desolate, sterile sea! Better have sorrowed and sinned, better have hated and cursed, better *anything* than *nothing*. You are nothing—you have been only a 'dream,' and now I must take your dream from you, for you are a man, an old man."

He ceased. But tears blinded my eyes. The fire had burnt down, and there was darkness.

And when I looked for him he was gone. And my dreams are gone, and my great, beautiful air-castle is gone. So I am alone. Even Death is not with me. I am alone.

ARTHUR APPLIN.



CHARTERED COMPANY'S TROOPER.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



UP-TO DATE

*I'm only a woman, and yet
I dote on a nice cigarette;
And I carry a cane,
And I always can drain
My lager or wine, and I bet.*



"COME AWAY, MY DEARS, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU"



ENTHUSIAST: How many have you caught?

BOY: When I've caught this 'ere one and two more, I shall have three.



"I say, Cabby, which is the best hotel here?"

"It don't matter much, Sir, which o' them yer takes, for afore mornin' ye'll be wishin' yer was in t' other."

A MUSIC-HALL CELEBRITY.

Photographs by Auty, Tynemouth.

"My dear boy! You know very well," said George Robey the comedian, "I should be pleased to tell you, as a representative of *Sketch*, anything; but you surely don't want me to tell you my age or whether I'm married? To divulge these two secrets is to commit professional



MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

suicide. Half my power to charm would be thrown away. You must have noticed, whenever a good-looking man steps on the stage, how anxious all the ladies are to know how old he is and whether he is married? Merely woman's curiosity, you know, but still, it makes one somewhat interesting. I don't mean that I'm good-looking. Oh dear, no! My fatal beauty has never been discovered. I generally favour one particular style of costume, and my face is hidden behind a mass of grease-paint. But come and have lunch with me, and we can have a little chat together."

"Since you put it like that, I may be able to excuse you."

Having seated ourselves at a corner table,

with a bottle of No. 3 to keep us company, Robey cleared his throat and commenced thus: "I was born very young, and went to school before I knew my A B C—"

"Steady on there! I didn't ask you for a stump speech."

"What fish?" chimed in the waiter.

When we had settled the fish question, Robey continued: "I was educated chiefly in Germany, where my father was engaged for some years in carrying out important civil engineering works. I was always intended for a civil engineer, and while I was studying in Leipzig I was, at the same time, serving my apprenticeship. On our return to England I entered one of the universities and took my degree. Of course, Robey is only my professional name."

"How came you to throw up your profession and drift on to the music-hall stage?"

"It was like this. We were living in London, and I used to go to the Thirteenth Club. Of course, I sang at the smoking-concerts, and met with so much success that I was asked to sing at smoking-concerts all over London. Besides being more congenial to my tastes, I was well paid, and this allowed me to indulge my other various hobbies."

"Oh, you are a man with a hobby?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am a man with several hobbies. I am very fond of all outdoor sports. I love painting and art generally. I am an ardent collector

of antiquities, and have a pretty good collection of weapons of various descriptions; and if you saw my brother and I have a set-to with Zulu spears and shields, you would be prepared to admit that the Matabele warriors would find us roughish customers to deal with. I learnt to throw an assegai at a very early age, when we lived out in South Africa. They tell me I play the mandoline very well, and



MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

my brother has at last admitted that I fence splendidly. We often have a bout with Italian rapiers."

"Hold hard! I'm sorry to interrupt you; but I want to know how you drifted on to the stage?"

Robey took up the thread of his story by saying, "At last I was invited to sing at a benefit concert at the Aquarium, whereupon the manager gave me a month's engagement. It was here that civil engineering and I parted company for ever. This was about five years ago. Mr. Charles Brighten, then of the Oxford Music Hall, heard me sing at the Aquarium, and told me to come up to the Oxford and give a show at one of the Saturday afternoon matinées. I went the following Saturday, and was there and then engaged for twelve months. From there I went to the Syndicate halls, namely, the Pavilion and the Tivoli. The Oxford has been added on since. It is the ambition of every music-hall artist, great and small, to appear at the Syndicate halls, and I am proud to be able to say I am generally engaged there for six months of the year. The remaining six months I am either 'starring' the provinces or playing in pantomimes."

"I read in the papers that it was your untiring energy and exceptional ability that contributed so much to the success of Mr. Pitt Hardacre's pantomime at the Comedy, Manchester, in 1894 and 1895?"

"My native modesty prevents me from acknowledging that to be true, but I do owe Mr. Pitt Hardacre a debt of gratitude for discovering my talent in that direction, and for the compliment he paid me by engaging me three years ahead, when he found Sir Augustus Harris had forestalled him by obtaining my services for last year and as London."

"As you have been fortunate enough to reach the top of the ladder without having to climb it step by step, will you tell me whether you owe your phenomenal success to your superior education?"

"Not in the slightest, and my own opinion is that any man or woman who is clever enough to amuse a London audience is clever enough to know the value of an elementary knowledge of the English language, and would, no doubt, be able to sufficiently educate himself or herself or conceal any shortcomings in that respect."

"What is the greatest difficulty that besets the path of a successful music-hall artist?"

"A successful comedian has a reputation to keep up, and his greatest difficulty is to procure good songs and new ideas. The British public is very fickle, and apt to bring up your old and brilliant successes to compare with your fresh efforts. I hope I shall be spared the anxiety of ever having a song that becomes 'the rage,' because the probability is I should never find another to equal it in the eyes of the public. I do not trust to catchy melodies, which are quickly appropriated by the crowd. It isn't what you sing that brings the house down; it is the funny way you sing it. A comical look will gain as much applause as the smartest repartee ever written. Singing is very much like drawing—the fewer the strokes the better the result."

"Was I ever nervous? It seems ridiculous; but when I am touring the provinces I always feel nervous the first time I appear at a fresh place. Monday night is my *bête-noir*."

"Oh, no! I never experienced the voice-trying experiment. That would have settled me altogether. Even now, when I rehearse in the provinces, the managers look a bit anxious, and wonder what there is about me to cost them so much money."

"What is the state of the music-hall profession?"

"Like every other trade and profession, there is always room at the top for talent; but, as far as average ability goes, it is terribly crowded."

"What are your future prospects?"

"I commenced my provincial tour the first week in July, and return to London in October. I go to Birmingham for the pantomime, and I don't mind telling you I have just signed a contract to go out to Australia in two years' time. The offer was too tempting for me to refuse it."

By this time we had finished lunch, so we strolled together through Leicester Square, and it was here I discovered that, if the British Government are ever in want of a substitute for Mr. Chamberlain, George Robey is the man. He ought to have been a member of Parliament instead of a shining light on the music-hall stage.



MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

OUR ARMY AT HOME.

Photographs by J. Thomson, Brompton Road, W.



BAYONET EXERCISE BY THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.



PHYSICAL DRILL BY THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.



RECRUITS OF THE 15TH (KING'S) HUSSARS AT SWORD EXERCISE.

OUR ARMY AT HOME.

Photographs by J. Thomson, Brompton Road, W.



BUGLERS OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.



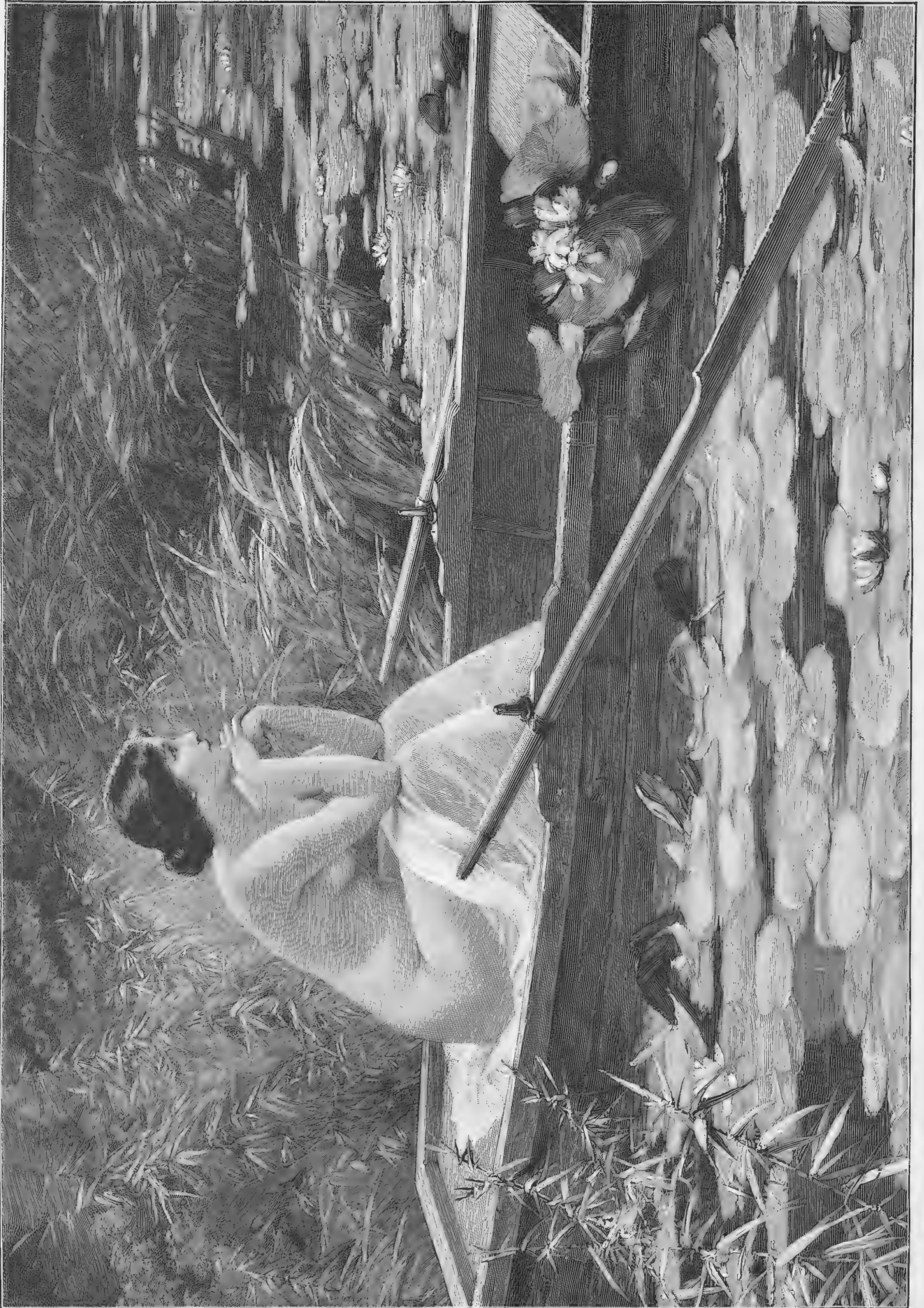
DRUM-MAJOR OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN STATE DRESS.



GIVING OVER ORDERS (SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS).



REGIMENTAL DEER OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.



LILIES.—J. RONGIER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AD. BRAUN AND CO., PARIS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Bodkin's historical romance of "Lord Edward Fitzgerald" (Chapman) may be a failure, but it is a very honourable and not at all regrettable one. The material in it is excellent, and in this particular case material, though supplied by history, must be put down a good deal to the credit of its collector. For the romantic Lord Edward has been so established in our minds as an Irish hero that we have forgotten—if, indeed, ever we knew—his adventures in the American War of Independence and among the Great Bear Indians, into which tribe he was actually adopted. Mr. Bodkin's story comes to remind us of the variety of his claims on our interest, and it is difficult to say why it does not excite and draw us on more than it does. It has enthusiasm, good taste, stirring and tender incidents; many more successful books have far less of these good things. One possible reason is that the different sections seem to be shut away from each other in water-tight compartments, so that there is no whole, but only a number of more or less good bits—though that description, too, holds true of many a better story. Mr. Bodkin has, at all events, led the way; and he will be followed most certainly by lesser fry, and perhaps even by a great romance on what Byron called "the finest subject in the world for an historical novel." In the meantime, we need a good biography of Lord Edward, and good biography does not strictly demand the dramatic sense. Why should not Mr. Bodkin give us that for which he must have all the materials ready, including those that cannot be gathered to order, sympathy and enthusiasm?

The July issue of the *Portfolio* (Seeley) deals with "The Life of Velasquez." The writer, Mr. Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, will also write in the next number treating of the art of the same great painter. Those who cannot purchase Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's fine and expensive work on the subject will find in the two numbers no meagre substitute. The plates and illustrations in the present issue are well selected, and, like all those that appear in the *Portfolio*, excellently reproduced. They include two little known in this country—"The Forge of Vulcan" and "The Tapestry-Workers." Though the first part is professedly a biography, it is mainly a chronological record of his work. For Velasquez, a most human painter, unmistakably a great personality, had the details of his own personal life obscured by the brilliance of his worldly fortune. A courtier may have a private self as well as the freest vagabond, but it is a very private one, and no man takes note of it. No one has ever looked on the proud, high-bred, and forceful features of the figure in "Las Lanzas" which has always passed for that of Velasquez himself without feeling a romantic curiosity to know more of the man behind the great Court painter. But, as with so many of the great ones, we are left with the tantalising and fascinating ignorance of all save the outward facts of birth and death and worldly circumstances.

The new Burns books grow and flourish. The third volume of Mr. William Wallace's new edition of Chambers's "Life and Work of Burns" and the second volume of Mr. Henley and Mr. Henderson's "Poetry of Robert Burns" are both out, the first published by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, and the other by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh. Mr. Wallace's revision of the third volume is full of interest, being greatly enlarged from the original, and containing nearly thirty new letters. Among these are several of great importance, treating of a controversy of Burns with certain critics whom he called "the London Newsmen." The pictures are vigorous and worthy specimens of the Scottish school of illustrative draughtsmen. As for Mr. Henley's edition—the second volume of which contains Burns' posthumous poems—it approves itself first to the outward eye by its austere and artistic appearance, then by the carefulness and interest of its notes, by the facsimiles of several poems, and some interesting portraits, chief among which should be mentioned that of Fergusson, the unhappy Scottish poet of whom Stevenson sometimes fancied that he was a reincarnation—a fancy, be it said, shared by no one else. The portrait shows a very young man with a turned-up nose and wistful eyes. Taken from a copy of Fergusson's poems in Lord Rosebery's possession, it contains an inscription by Burns, written with deep feeling one may be sure—

O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muse,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unfitted for the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

"A Gentleman Vagabond" is the name of a charming collection of short stories by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the clever writer of "Tom Grogan." The name covers not only the first tale, but in a loose kind of way is descriptive of all the rest, the heroes of which are mainly vagabonds of one sort or another, while vagabondage through a good part of America and Europe has supplied the incidents. But the prince of these heroes is Major Tom Slocomb of Pocumoke, a master liar, an unparalleled boaster, and an excellent fellow withal. He is Caleb Balderstone as host instead of servant, and the way he extends boundless hospitality to you out of nothing at all, and the magnificent simplicity with which he accepts the hospitality of his friends, and extends that also to you, should you come in the way, are enough to soften the heart of the rigidest stickler for verbal truth and pedantic honesty. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is sure of an audience on this side of the Atlantic.

Welsh readers will be interested in the attempt of Mr. Edmund O. Jones to collect the modern poetry of their country. "Welsh Lyrics

of the Nineteenth Century" (Simpkin) will be followed by a second and third series, if patriots are sufficiently appreciative. The poems were originally written in Welsh, and Mr. Jones has done them the doubtful service of translation. There probably does not breathe one Englishman who has not the profoundest conviction that his Cambrian neighbours are a very poetical race. This may be based on the vaguest of reason and knowledge, but it is unshakable by anything save specimens like this—

Fair cottages of Cymru, with walls of gleaming white,
Whose smoke curls round the valley and up the mountain height.

Yet Ieuan Gwynedd may be a delicate and subtle singer in his native tongue. It is a dangerous compliment to bring shrinking graces into the light of common day, and Mr. Jones's collection is apt to make us Englishmen think that the lyrics of a highly poetical people are no better than those that lie neglected in our own country newspaper columns.

Mr. Beeching is a very cultivated if not at all an inspiring poet. Perhaps what some call his correct decorousness others may call by a more interesting name. But in any case there is one subject where he is always sympathetic: when he speaks of gardens he has everyone's interest. And as a garden forms the background of his new Oxford sacred poem, "St. Augustine at Ostia" (Lane), one charm is assured. The suggestion for the poem is a passage in the "Confessions": "It came to pass that she (Monica) and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay at Ostia, where, removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey for the voyage," &c.; and the high discourse of the two in the peaceful surroundings,

O after leagues of dust and sweltering air,
Like heaven to tired souls this garden green,

is, even in the somewhat chilly version of the modern poet, more than tolerable. There is a sweet dignity about it and an unusual distinction.

Max Nordau's novels cleverly and valiantly uphold the assertions of "Degeneration." To sceptics who refuse to see the disease-spots in modern life and literature he holds out the personages and points to the tendencies in his own fiction. And, of course, the argument is unanswerable. "The Malady of the Century" (Heinemann) is less disagreeable than "The Comedy of Sentiment," already given us in English, and a little less entertaining. There is about it, however, a certain melancholy truth which must bring some readers more into agreement with its author than ever they have been before. Its theme is the weakening of the will-fibres, not through self-indulgence, but from a knowledge of many sides of things breeding a conviction that nothing much matters, that all is equally vain. Maybe this is "the malady of the century," though it has attacked comparatively few as yet, and hardly seems to influence the striving and hustling eager multitude. But Max Nordau, though clever enough to write fiction of a quite readable kind, just as he could compile a meritorious text-book, or even frame a passable sonnet to order, is not born to the craft. He is a populariser of theories, and makes his puppets to fit these theories. And Wilhelm, his chief illustrative puppet, turns out all wrong in his hands. We cannot seriously take him as a man who knows so much that he cares for nothing at all. His malady is not the Faust-like one of having "found out" the universe, but the very ordinary one of heartlessness. The man cannot love anything. Before he has more than tasted he is saying, "This is not good enough for me," whether a theory, or a cause, or a lady be in question. He cannot, consciously or unconsciously, take anything as a symbol of the best of its kind, imagination having been wholly left out of him; and the by no means reputable Spanish Countess under whose influence he falls for a time is a thousand times more estimable than he with his vaunted superiority of mind. But read without reference to its theory, the book is amusing. In fiction it would be impossible to find anyone to match Wilhelm for ungraciousness. The German scientist may be too much absorbed in the pursuit of truth to cultivate charm; but he is surely maligned in the picture of this terrible young person, who, whether he is making love, or finding out that the lady is not good enough for him, or repulsing the courteous overtures of friendly Socialists who thought they might count on his sympathy, or refusing the Iron Cross for his services in the war, contrives always to be offensive.

Some few excellent adventure stories have made an honourable reputation for Mr. Allen Upward, but these have not prepared us for the kind of work he gives us in "One of God's Dilemmas" (Heinemann). The title is the worst thing about it. Very possibly our novelists are fast taking our nerve away by harping so continually on these difficulties of life from which there seems to be no satisfactory way of emerging. But as these needs must be a frequent theme, we had better keep our grumbling for the bunglers. Mr. Upward is not one. His is an extremely subtle, sensitive rendering of a miserable but not infrequent situation. The "dilemma" is a boy, whose temperament is depicted in a masterly fashion. His mother has brought him up, spending herself devotedly for him. His father, whom he had thought dead, appears, and puts in a claim for his affection, and he has the means to outbid the mother in substantial proofs of his love. The boy loyally sticks to his mother, but his nature is luxurious, and he suffers, and makes her suffer too, in the course of the sacrifice. Besides, he is disinterestedly attracted to his father, who is not unworthy of affection. In real life the dilemma would have lasted longer very likely, but a story-writer must finish his book somehow, and Mr. Allen Upward mercifully makes an end of the boy. o. o.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

The commemoration in Melbourne of the death of Adam Lindsay Gordon is now to be regarded as an annual event. The last one took place on Wednesday, June 24. Twenty-seven years have passed since



ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

the poet of the bush and the saddle took his last ride on the black horse "into the Valley of Death"; but in fame and affection he never stood higher in the minds and hearts of Australians than he does to-day. What Burns is to Scotland, what Moore is to Ireland, Gordon is to Australia. He may never, in the esteem of the general English-speaking world, occupy a place equivalent to that held by the singer of *Ayr* or the minstrel of the Vale of *Avoca*; his range is more limited, his poetical quality more open to criticism, and, above all, he wrote no songs that have taken possession of the popular voice. But he interpreted Australian life and scenery in his work with a truth that can be felt, he struck chords of emotion that vibrate wherever in that island-continent men see what he saw and experience what he

experienced, and he described aspects of life dear to the Australian heart in verse that shimmers with the sheen of silk and clatters with the swift flight of hoofs. Being at once a scholar and a man of the people, he wrote poems of such various complexion that the little book which contains the sum of his achievements is, while being a pleasure in the study, at the same time a joy in the stable, a delight in the stock-yard, and a constant companion of lonely men who toil in the back blocks and swelter on the torrid plains. And Gordon is the founder of a school of verse. The *Austral Parnassus* is not as yet richly dight with grass, but a flock of bards, following in the tracks of Gordon, have found a pasturage palatable and sufficing. They have nibbled thereon and waxed poetical. But the critical eye denotes the brand of the flock: as the stock reports say, they are "marked G on the rump."

Gordon died at the age of thirty-seven, Robert Burns died at the same age, Byron died a year younger. I have heard it suggested that Gordon had a distant relationship with Byron, but I have seen no evidence of the connection except the common surname. It is remarkable how few people knew him. He seems to have had no friends among the journalists of his period, and no fondness for company of other than horsey men. An ex-steeplechasing jockey, still living, was as intimate with him as anyone I have heard of, and was in his company when one or two of his best-known poems were written. This old veteran of the Turf, Mr. William Trainor, told me the circumstances under which the very racy lines, "The Fields of Coleraine"—one of the best pieces of galloping rhyme ever written, surely—were penned. It was on the eve of the Great Western Steeplechase, a "big event" in Australian sport, Gordon was to ride in the contest. "Billy," said he (as related by Trainor to me), "suppose we write a tip about the Great Western to-morrow." He sat down at the table in the hut, and, by the light of a tallow candle, wrote the verses "as easy as you would write an ordinary letter." The lines veritably rattle with reality—

On the fields of Col'rairie there'll be labour in vain
Before the Great Western is ended;
The nags will have toil'd, and the silks will be soil'd,
And the rails will require to be mended.

An excellent Gordon story was related to me by one who had it from a police-officer in South Australia some years ago. Gordon was cattle-droving; he was taking a mob of beasts from a station to Adelaide, across the plains, when he was "stuck up" by a pair of bushrangers. It was a cold night, and the camp-fire was alight, and the poet, rolled up in his blankets, was asleep by the side of the blaze. The bushrangers rode alongside, and one of them sang out, "Now then, there! Bail up!" They told what happened at a hotel a few miles ahead the next morning. "We came across a lunatic on the plains," said one of them. "When we told him to bail up, and shoved the muzzle of a revolver in his face, he just opened his eyes, looked at us by the glare of the fire, rolled over on to the other side, and told us to go to"—well, where Shelley said he would not mind going with Plato and Bacon—"and then he went to sleep again." This conduct was so strangely contemptuous that the rascals decided to leave him alone.

As a steeplechaser, Gordon was a fearless and a remarkably skilful rider. He was never happier than when in the saddle, and he loved a race above all things. "All the dash you find in his horsey poems," said "Billy" Trainor to me, "he had in his style of riding. He stuck at nothing." He was about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, but he rode light, as he was "as thin as a whalebone" when stripped.

The following poem, "Argemone," is not to be found in any of the editions of Gordon's works. The manuscript is in the possession of a

South Australian squatter. It is a highly characteristic composition, though the author had not applied to it sufficient attention to induce him to publish it in his lifetime. The note of fatalism in it recalls his "Wormwood and Nightshade." It was evidently written when the poet was in deep dejection of spirit, but there are in it lines of real beauty that redeem the morbidness which, the emanation of his melancholy, marks much of his work—

ARGEMONE.

The terrible night-watch is over;
I turn where I lie,
To eastward my dim eyes discover
Faint streaks on the sky:
Faint streaks on a faint light, that dapples
And dawns like the ripening of apples;
Day closes with darkness, and grapples,
And darkness must die.
And the dawn finds us where the dusk found us,
The quick and the dead;
Thou dawn slaying darkness around us—
Oh, slay me instead!
Thou pitiless earth, that would sever
Twain souls, reuniting them never,
Oh, gape and engulf me for ever!
Oh, cover my head!

For alike now to me are all changes,
Naught gladdens, naught grieves;
Alike now pale snow on the ranges,
Pale gold on the sheaves;
Alike now the hum of glad bees on
Green boughs, and the sigh of sad trees on
Sere uplands, the fall of the season,
And the fall of the leaves.

Skies laugh and buds bloom and birds warble
At breaking of day;
Without and within on grey marble,
The light glimmers grey.
Ah, pale, silent mouth, surely this is
The spot where death strikes and life misses,
Warm lips pressing cold lips, waste kisses,
Clay cold on cold clay.

Through sunset and twilight and nightfall
And night-watches bleak,
We have lain thus, and broad rays of light fall
And flicker and streak
The death-chamber, glancing and shining,
Where death and dead life lay reclining,
My hands with her hands intertwining,
My cheek to her cheek.

But the dead—these are tranquil, or seem so,
Nor laugh they nor weep;
And I, who rest not, though I dream so,
Ask only their sleep.
I have sown tares and brambles on fickle,
False sands, and already my sickle
Has reaped the rank weed and the prickle—
What more shall I reap?

Can life thrive when life's love expires?
Are life and love twain?
Men say so—nay, all men are liars,
Or all lives are vain.
Let our dead loves and lives be forgotten
With the ripening of fruits that are rotten,
So we, loving fools dust-begotten,
Go dustward again!



SPORTING LITERATURE OF THE PAST.

I.—MAGAZINES OF SPORT.

"The basis of a sporting library is the *Sporting Magazine*. It remains the great mine of sporting literature." That was what Mr. Humphreys said to me when I called upon him at Messrs. Hatchards' the other day. Mr. Humphreys, as all collectors know, is one of the greatest authorities on the subject of the literature of sport. He can tell us all about the prices that the sporting books of the past bring in the market of to-day (which, however, was not the information I was specially in search of), and he knows, as well, the relative values of these works from the sportsman's point of view. Seated in his book-clad room at the top of the building in Piccadilly, he chatted to me about his hobby, answering the inquiries I had to make, bringing out this book and that from his collection that I might look upon some curiosity of lettering or illustration, and discovering for me many things about my subject which will be reproduced in these papers.

We will follow Mr. Humphreys' suggestion, and look first at the *Sporting Magazine*. This was one of the great magazines which were established last century and survived into our own day. The first number appeared in 1792 the last in 1870. A year or two ago, on the



MOLLY GREY.



A SPORTING MEETING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

centenary or No. 1, there was published for Sir Walter Gilbey an "Index of Engravings, with the Names of Artists, in the *Sporting Magazine* from the Year 1792 to 1870." In this interesting little work Mr. Banks recorded all the engravings in the 156 volumes, many of them after pictures of historical value to the sportsman—portraits of famous men and horses and hounds—and, by way of introduction, the Hon. Francis Lawley sketched the history of the *Magazine*.

At the end of last century there was in Warwick Square, St. Paul's Churchyard, a bookseller of the name of Wheble, who published the *Middlesex Journal*. Wheble was a shrewd fellow, we know; and evidently he was an audacious, for he allowed Wilkes's pen to appear in the *Journal*, and was called before the Bar of the House for the undue freedom of his press. When that trouble had blown over he started the *County Chronicle*, the first journal to bring town and county together; and it was so successful that very soon, with the assistance of Harris, another bookseller in the Churchyard,

he started the *Sporting Magazine*. The first number is dated October 1792, and the title-page informs us that it is "The *Sporting Magazine*; or, Monthly Calendar of the Transactions of the Turf, the Chace, and every other Diversion interesting to the Man of Pleasure and Enterprise and Spirit." It is prefaced by an Address to the Public, which makes an apology for sport on moral grounds (much after the manner of similar apologies of to-day), and proceeds to announce as one of the "Diversions" to be treated "the most approved methods of managing and feeding the Game Cock, that prodigy of British valour." And duly, in the third number, appear engravings of Ginger Red and Birchin Yellow, two celebrated "prodigies."

For over twenty-five years, until his death at a very old age in 1820, Wheble edited the *Magazine* with success. His ability passed to at least one of his nephews, the Pittmans, who followed him. This nephew was at the head of affairs from 1820 to 1827, during which



SALMON-FISHING.

time the *Magazine* touched the highest point of its popularity. It was then that Charles James Apperley, the famous "Nimrod," brought an elegant pen to the description of runs with the hounds, and changed the current of sporting literature in England.

There is a little bit of romance about the beginnings of "Nimrod's" writings with which it will be well to colour the story of the *Magazine*. Apperley (whose name, by the way, is not to be found in the new "Dictionary of National Biography") was a Welsh gentleman, who, after leaving Rugby, married a Merionethshire young lady without a portion. He himself had no fortune, and, when they settled down at Bilton Hall, a house near Rugby, once occupied by Addison, he was willing to accept a guinea now and then from a local print for a description of a ride to hounds. A friend of his and of Pittman discovering his talent, brought writer and editor together, with the result that Apperley was engaged for three years to contribute monthly papers on hunting. His salary was to be £1500 a-year, and while he was to find his own horses, all expenses for stabling and suchlike were to be paid him by the proprietors of the *Magazine*.

"Nimrod's" first letter appeared in the January number for 1822, and he continued to write regularly until the death of Pittman the First in 1827. Then Pittman the Second refused him the larger salary which he was well worth to the *Magazine*, and his connection with it came to an untimely end.

The letting-slip of "Nimrod" by Pittman seemed to be a signal for the cropping up of rivals to his *Magazine*. "Nimrod," as we shall see,



GROUSE-SHOOTING.

had led the way into journalism for many gallant sportsmen. In the meanwhile he was busy again—this time for the *New Sporting Magazine*. The *New Sporting Magazine* was issued by the house of Baldwin and Cradock, and the originator of it was Surtees, a London attorney, and a man with a shrewd eye for a popular pen like "Nimrod's." The First Series ran from 1831 to 1840, and contained Surtees' famous *Adventures of Jorriks*; the Second Series from 1840 to 1870. In August 1833 the *Sportsman* appeared, with eight pages weekly, at the price of 1½d.; in July 1836 it lined up with the others as a monthly, and a new series began in 1839. That year saw the founding of still another monthly magazine of sport, the *Sporting Review*, edited by "Craven," who numbered Whyte-Melville and Henry Dixon among his regular contributors. And the *Sporting Review* and the *Sportsman* also existed down to 1870.

Long before that date, however, these four magazines had ceased really to be separate publications. The last three had been more or less identical during 1845, and in July 1846 they made an almost complete amalgamation with the old *Sporting Magazine*, and were issued from the same office, 24, Norfolk Street, until they died simultaneously in 1870. It is not perfectly clear wherein the benefit of this lay, for they were not quite identical. Indeed, the bibliography of these four magazines is a puzzle. They had outlived their day; as "Nimrod" had predicted, they went down before the sporting newspaper, of which they were the forerunners. But in their columns is to be found a great mass of the material out of which were formed the books on sport which we are to glance at later. And sportsmen still tell one another that it is a pity there is not a magazine like them now.

MODERN MIMI.

As soon as I heard her footstep on the stair I seized the book that lay nearest to me and pretended to read. She burst in like a ray of sunshine, her face aglow with laughter, and in her arms an immense bundle of sweet-smelling wild-flowers.

The book happened to be Zenophon. She came up to kiss me, but I waved her off with dignity, and went on construing in language that was not Greek and could never hope to be anything else in creation.

Mimi stood back indignant, and, with her flowers in front of her, waited at the other side of the table. At length I commenced: "You disappeared this morning before breakfast; it is now seven o'clock; you have consequently been away ten hours."

Mimi nodded.

"You know Gaston Sylvestre?"

Mimi nodded again.

"He was not at the class this morning; he left his lodgings early to spend the day in the country."

"Ah," murmured Mimi.

"You do not notice the inference, perhaps. Gaston never goes alone, and he likes to pluck field-flowers." And I sniffed contemptuously at the garland she had let fall before me. By this time Mimi was taking off her hat before the glass. The setting sun shone in through the window and fell upon her hair. It was a glorious tint, and she looked so pretty!

But I went on ruthlessly: "Where have you been?"

Mimi looked round laughing, and said quietly, "I have been to the country too."

"As I knew," I answered; "and with Gaston."

"Gaston is a very nice boy. I have known him three years."

"That is scarcely a reason for what you have done to-day."

"Of course not, since Gaston had nothing to do with it."

"How nothing to do with it?"

Mimi took a chair and sat down opposite; then, leaning her head upon her elbows, she said demurely, "I have been to my aunt's."

"Oh, no!" I laughed; "that is too old. I know that aunt—she lives at Batignolles."

"It was not that one to-day," explained Mimi; "this one lives at Garches."

"Mimi," I said, standing up, "Mimi, I am going to beat you."

Mimi raised her eyebrows in interrogation.

"First, for your infidelity with Gaston Sylvestre," I added seriously, "and then for the falsehoods you wish me to believe."

"So you are to beat me, are you?" cried Mimi, standing up too. "Let us commence then."

There was an ominous glitter in her eyes, and I did not beat her; instead, I sat down again and turned

over about another hundred pages of the *Anabasis*. Mimi sat down too, and there was silence; but every time I looked up she was watching me over the bundle of flowers. Presently her hand stole round in search of mine, and, as if engrossed in study, I let it linger there.

"Alfred," she said at length, timidly.

I turned over another page and remained stolidly unconscious.

"Alfred," she repeated, "you can beat me if you like."

I raised my head, and saw that there were tears in her eyes; and, without wishing it, I pressed her hand a little. Then Mimi came round and sat upon my knee and put her arms around my neck.

"You see," she whispered, "this is how it was. Last night I said to myself, 'This poor, dear Alfred—he is so good and so studious and so very clever; but he cannot work when I am with him, and if I hinder him so he will fail in his examination. So I will get up early without waking him, and go away all the day. It will not be nice for me; but I, at least, owe him that sacrifice, since I love him.'"

Here Mimi stopped to nestle closer to me, then went on:

"And this morning I took the first train to Saint Cloud and went to my aunt's at Garches, and all day long I have run in the woods with my little cousins, to gather some flowers for my darling, serious old boy in Paris. And I am so tired! and it was not at all amusing for me without my little sweetheart; but it was for his sake that I endured it."

The flowers smelt so sweet in front of me; and Mimi, she smelt so sweet too, with the pure, healthy perfume of the field. I knew that she was lying; but I took her face between my hands and kissed her.

"And now," she said, rising, "you will go out and buy the chops and cook them for dinner, like a good boy."

"Yes," I answered humbly.

ALFRED SLADE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

It is, I presume, generally known that in the winter of 1897 Mr. Andrew Ernest Stoddart takes a team of English cricketers to Australia. That is good for both countries, for to us here there is something peculiarly attractive in the reading of reports of cricket matches in which Englishmen, well-known Englishmen, are taking part.

Of course, in choosing the team particular regard will be had to current form. Nevertheless, I think we may safely hazard a guess as to the personnel, for the best of players do not fall off to an appreciable extent from one season to another.

For instance, who would ever expect K. S. Ranjitsinhji to be dismissed for less than a creditable score at least? We may adopt the method indulged in in regard to the entries of Derby competitors and tip the Indian Prince for a century score in 1898! Ranji will, of course, be included in Mr. Stoddart's combination. Our Australian cousins—if not the Australian bowlers—will be glad to see Kumar Shri among them after what they have heard of him. Really, I don't see how they are to get Ranjitsinhji out on the billiard-table Australian wickets. Mai aye, how the centuries will flow!

Another indispensable is Mr. F. Stanley Jackson, England's most brilliant cricketer. I love Jackson—for his cricket, of course. There is no batsman I would sooner watch, there is no batsman more taking to the eye—no, not even K. S. R., and certainly Ranjitsinhji can't bowl like the Yorkshireman. Jackson was born to be a cricketer. He was born to make runs. And he is certainly justifying his birth. I want to see him the regular captain of his county. He richly deserves the honour.

Another spoken-of candidate is Mr. J. R. Mason, of Kent. Mason comes from a good school—Winchester—and he is a very classic bat. I think he would do very well on Australian wickets.

I would like also to see included both Storer and Lilley, those useful young men and best of wicket-keepers; Hayward, a sterling bat; Brockwell, who should do better than on the last occasion; Tunnicliffe, of Yorkshire; Peel and Richardson, of course; Alec Hearne, and Abel and J. T. Hearne if they would care to go, though I strongly doubt whether either would risk it. Mold, Davidson, and W. G. Quaife might be of the party.

At the moment of writing everything points to the great probability of Yorkshire being hailed Champion County of the season 1896. I am glad. I do not suggest that Yorkshire is a better team than Surrey, but I think the Northerners richly deserve the spoils on the season's play.

To-morrow we begin what is almost the winding-up (*Sketch*) week. At Nottingham Sussex play Notts, and a very good game should ensue, for the teams are pretty equally matched. At Lord's Middlesex should pretty well conquer Kent (with Lord Harris thrown in), for the "Hoppers" have an awful tail-end. Hampshire can surely conquer Leicestershire; Surrey will beat Somerset, though they entertain a horror of Taunton and Tyler—not usually a dangerous combination; and Lancashire will probably go down again before the Australians. In addition, the Scarborough Festival commences with Yorkshire (not North) v. South.

On Monday the attraction at Scarborough will be Mr. C. I. Thornton's England Eleven v. the Australians. Sussex will assuredly go down on their own ground before Surrey, who will be anxious to avenge their Oval defeat; and Lancashire can beat Warwickshire all ends up. These are the last county fixtures of the season.

FOOTBALL.

With all our faults, amateur football is not considered too poor to provide some of our big League Clubs with talent. Last week I spoke of the desertion from Millwall Athletic of Law, the smart young Borough College goalkeeper, who has just signed a professional form for West Bromwich Albion, albeit I do not consider him in the same street with Reader.

Everton have also cast their eyes down South, and their choices include Private Menham and Sergeant Barker, of the 3rd Grenadier Guards. As a goalkeeper and back, these young gentlemen were really the making of the 3rd Grenadiers, who until a few years ago were not dreamed of in connection with first-class football.

But, really, is it not time that our military authorities put a check on this wholesale poaching from the rank-and-file? Matters will come to such a pitch presently that football in the army will be put down altogether. When you come to think of it, you cannot blame young soldier-lads for accepting engagements bringing in far more profits, to say nothing of equal glory, assuming that fame is glory.

Menham is quite a giant, and one of the most modest fellows breathing. I remember sitting talking to him within the Tower of London one day, and listening to his career. Sergeant Barker, on the other hand, is a very old-timer so far as football is concerned. He is one of the dashing order of backs, a strongly knit fellow with plenty of pluck and resource. These two should work an improvement in Everton's defence, which was rather a weak spot.

AQUATICS.

Practice by Gaudaur and Stanbury for their big sculling race for the championship of the world, due to take place on Sept. 7, continues apace. I am afraid that interest in it is not so keen as it might be; but,

after all, you cannot reasonably expect Englishmen to enthuse over a contest between men neither of whom is English.

Of the two, I suppose Stanbury's victory would cause the greater enthusiasm. On form Stanbury should undoubtedly succeed, although about four years ago he had his colours lowered by Gaudaur. I sincerely trust that Stanbury prove the better man. Otherwise, see how low it will make English sculling seem, taking a line through Harding.—OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Rumours have been rife to the detriment of Persimmon. Some of the touts say the Prince of Wales's colt is a roarer, others think his legs are dickey, and some go so far as to assert that the royal colours will be carried in the St. Leger by Thais. It is nothing against Persimmon that the horse-watchers at Newmarket do not like him, and I now begin to look upon the colt in the light of a paper certainty. I happen to know that Marsh and J. Watts are confident of winning with the colt, and I believe their confidence is shared by the Prince of Wales and by Lord Marcus Beresford.

Long lists of noon betting that takes place in London and Manchester are daily sent out by the tape machines, but the quotations are not reliable when read in the light of the results. I fancy the lists are no more than individual bookmaker's offers, and the times have so changed that the layers, although some of them pay £25 per week for the latest information, are not so well informed as the evening newspapers. Often a horse is made favourite for a race after he has been done up for the day, but this fact should keep backers from taking a price about any animal for a small race, as, after all, the bookmaker may have an item up his sleeve.

I am told that several gentlemen who have for some years indulged in steeplechase riding are about to give it up, so that useful amateurs should be at a premium. Captain Bewicke will seldom be seen in the saddle this winter. Mr. H. M. Ripley is placed *hors de combat*; his brother, Mr. A. H. Ripley, appears to have tired of the game. The Hon. G. Lambton has for some time been incapacitated from race-riding, and Mr. G. B. Milne now devotes his time to training. Mr. Atkinson, who is a fine horseman, is seldom seen in the saddle; but I believe Mr. D. G. Campbell, who was successful in the Grand National last year, is passionately fond of riding winners, and he rides at every opportunity.

What I have been driving at for years has at last apparently become a burning question, and it may be that even the conservative Jockey Club will do something to rid our racecourses of thieves and welshers. Sir H. Hawkins, who is a member of the Laws Committee of the Jockey Club, might devise some scheme to stamp out the nuisance. Why not pass a law making clerks of courses, or, better still, the stewards of a meeting, responsible for all losses made by peaceable citizens through the welshing or robbery carried on in so barefaced a manner at many meetings. If such were done, the racecourse thief would in less than a month be as extinct as the dodo.

Although many of the bookmakers have missed a college education, their clerks are wonderfully quick at figures, and the book of any big layer is the picture of neatness and accuracy. Indeed, it is surprising how few mistakes take place, seeing that on some races several thousands are turned over in a few minutes. The model clerk takes care to have his book well set before betting begins. He sharpens his pencil at each end, and when once his master begins to "offer" the clerk listens to no one but the Governor, but his eyes are at work, as he has to take a good view of all the customers betting on the nod without a ticket.

A starting-price *coup* is not a *rara avis*, as many stay-at-home bookmakers know to their cost; but I am surprised to find that advertising tipsters are able to "get in the swim." One man of many circulars professes to know an informant who works these commissions; but he is a cautious man, as is shown by the following item culled from a recent circular—

In consequence of several of these S.P. jobs having leaked out, and the prices run down to such small odds, I cannot get to hear of the name of the horse until perhaps four, five, or ten minutes before the race. This gives me no time to wire off my intelligence; in fact, so well is it guarded that generally it is only the question of a minute or two to get the money on. I shall be pleased to include you or your friends in the swim, for the matter of 20 per cent. commission.

Now it strikes the unbiassed outsider that a really 'cute man would want to appropriate not 20 per cent., but 100 per cent., by keeping the good thing to himself.

Guessing at results is bad enough—I refer to the reporters who try to anticipate the judge's verdict in the matter of placed horses, and who lately have been so often wrong. But guessing at winners is an expensive game, so far as the public is concerned. I am told that, in the case of certain reporters who have to do the tipping for a number of papers, they are instructed to vary their selections so that the same selection shall not appear in any two papers. This is reducing the vaticinating business to an absurdity, and does not speak well for the faith that is supposed to be in the paper tipsters. If this sort of thing is persevered in, a newspaper tipster must no longer hold an opinion that is entirely his own.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 7.59; to-morrow, 7.57; Friday, 7.54; Saturday, 7.52; Sunday, 7.50; Monday, 7.48; Tuesday, 7.46.

They say that Mr. Dunlop comes from Ayr. Of course. That is why he invented the air tyre.

Lady Henry Somerset and her friends greatly enjoyed their recent cycling tour in Norfolk.

According to a gushing writer, "People are weary of wheelwomen who make London streets, and other cities, *veritable battlefields of horror*." The italics are mine.

I am told that Mrs. Langtry rides a machine painted with her racing-colours.

The man who strives to be his own lawyer has rightly been likened to the idiot who tries to be his own doctor. "Everybody's Cycling Law," however, by Sidney Wright, M.A. (Barrister-at-Law), and C. W. Browne (*C. T. C. Gazette*), issued by Messrs. Saxon and Co., is not intended as a substitute for the family lawyer; it is meant to be simply what it is—a guide, philosopher, and friend to the everyday cyclist who wants merely to know what he may and what he may not do when pedalling in the public streets and along her Majesty's highways and byways. Incidentally the writers mention that "a husband is not now entitled to control his wife's person, and could not forcibly prevent her from cycling, or from donning a 'rational' cycling-costume, however much he might object on principle to her so doing." Also the book says that landladies who refuse to admit to their inns female cyclists attired in "rational" costume are guilty of law-breaking. "Revolted daughters" should bear this information in mind, and every cyclist ought certainly to own a copy of "Everybody's Cycling Law."

Miss Lilian Moses, whose portrait is here reproduced, is known in cycling circles at Clifton and Bristol as the youngest lady cyclist of the neighbourhood. She has only lately passed her sixth birthday, but is already devoted to the wheel.

Miss Elspeth Douglas McClelland has invented and Messrs. Wallan and Co., of Curtain Road, are supplying a sports and cycle cabinet lately patented and just brought out. In this handsome piece of furniture may be stored not only a bicycle, but tennis-balls and racquets, cricket-bats, golf-clubs, and similar "implements of amusement." The floor can be pulled out and your favourite wheel set up upon it in such a way as to enable you to spend a wet afternoon in "seorching" to your heart's content. No noise, no dust, no smell, no punctured tyres, no tiresome pedestrians, no heart-breaking hills, and the distance that you would have travelled had you been upon the road is registered automatically by a mileage indicator. Truly an up-to-date cabinet.

Don't take the advice of friends and casual acquaintances who tell you that your bicycle is "all wrong," that your chain is too tight or too loose, that your handle-bar is too high or too low, that your saddle is too far forward or too far back, that your tyres are too full or not full enough, and so on. If you do, you will soon find yourself in a position similar to that of the old man in the fable. Place a straight-edge along the top of your chain, from sprocket to sprocket, then depress the chain with your finger. When you can depress the central link of the chain three-quarters of an inch, your chain is rightly regulated. A chain a trifle too loose is preferable to one a trifle too tight. Don't grasp the handles too tightly; they may come off and cause a serious accident. It is better to place at least half the hand upon the handle-bar itself, but never clutch any part of the machine tighter than necessary. Think of the "train-band captain eke was he of credit and renown," who scorched over the stones in Cheapside, and punctured himself so severely, all owing to the simple fact that he misunderstood the ways of his mount and tried to retain his seat by brute force.

A friend of mine in North Wales complains of many punctured tyres, which she believes to be the work of mischievous children, who amuse themselves by inserting pins when the machine is left outside a door, as

when shopping. I also hear that in some places the demon of mischief has taken to placing tin-tacks in the roadway, with the "business end" uppermost—a peculiarly unpleasant obstacle for a pneumatic tyre to negotiate!

With regard to the former of these difficulties, as an attendant footman would be, in most cases, out of the question, might we not suggest to the fair riders that they should be accompanied by dogs trained to watch over the machines in their mistresses' absence? A gentleman wrote to the papers the other day, "On all my journeys my dog accompanies me. I have had three machines stolen before I was accompanied by my canine friend." That speaks well for the four-footed policeman; but what about the R.S.P.C.A., and its recent condemnation of thoughtless cyclists who run their faithful canine friends to death?

With regard to the tin-tacks, I fear that the dog would be useless; indeed, he would probably suffer as much if not more than the wheel.

I am interested to read in *Cycling* that its representative, Mr. Jessop, who is now on his way home from Japan, is the only white man who has looked upon the awful scenes of the great "tidal wave" disaster. His information with regard to this terrible catastrophe will also enable him to give us fullest particulars of the amenities for cycling in the "Land of the Rising Sun."

A time has assuredly come when railway companies generally should provide more suitable accommodation for bicycles. Complaints have been constant in the North of England of the damage done to machines while they are being conveyed in railway-vans. One cannot fail to have noticed the piles of miscellaneous luggage which are heaped up promiscuously alongside bicycles and tricycles, greatly to the detriment of these slender, delicately fashioned machines. The other day, while waiting for my train at Manchester, I observed, first a child's perambulator, next an invalid's chair, then several packing-cases, not counting the passengers' luggage, and last of all, when the van appeared to be full, a very smart-looking bicycle was thrown in on the top. It would be interesting to know in what state the owner found that machine when he arrived at his destination.

In the case which arose out of an accident the other day, in which a child was run over and sustained a fracture of the leg, the jury came to the conclusion that to ride a bicycle without a brake was "culpable negligence." It did not exactly appear that the accident arose from the absence of a brake; but the finding of the jury in this case should prove a warning to cyclists to provide themselves with brakes, or, in the event of an accident occurring, it may go ill with them, and a heavy fine may be the result. Apart from the legal aspect of the case, it is

much wiser to avoid a brakeless machine, for though in descending a steep hill the brake should not be trusted to entirely, yet undoubtedly it gives increased security against accidents.

The American girl is this year showing us what can be done in the way of cycling-fête costumes. I hear of a costume which is designed to represent "night." The black satin bodice, which forms a little bolero jacket with a broad sailor-collar, is exquisitely braided and outlined in silver, the whole being covered with silver stars, the front forming a full waistcoat of accordion-pleated chiffon, held in at the waist by a broad band of silver, with a large buckle in the shape of a star. The short sleeves are accordion-pleated-satin, and look exceedingly well above the long, silvery gloves which cover the arms of the wearer. A large bow of silver-striped chiffon is worn round the neck. The boots are of shining silver kid, laced with black silk cords; and the Napoleon hat, which is exceedingly becoming, is made of black satin, with a white Prince of Wales's Plume clasped by a gleaming silver star.

Boots seem to be a great feature in cycling-costumes in America, and our neighbours evidently like something rather *chic* in the way of footgear. Many of the boots worn with cycling-dresses on fête-days are made of satin neatly strapped with pale-coloured leather, while others in patent leather look especially smart, having little rhinestone stars in graduated sizes running down the outside of the boot. Gilded footgear, too, is particularly remarkable.



MISS LILIAN MOSES.

Photo by Midwinter, Bristol.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FASHIONS.

There are few people nowadays of whom the poet's enthusiastic verdict holds good, and fewer things. "Age can wither and custom stale," indeed, most objects of our once ardent admiration in these times of easy boredom and surfeited excitement. Not all the quips and cranks



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A DRESSY AND DURABLE ALPACA.

of fashion, however—which one season vows us to rigid tailor-mades, and the next smother us in chiffons—will repress the unalterable utility and *chic* of a well-made alpaca gown. To the twin enemies of all outdoor fine feathers—namely, rain and dust—alpaca in its most glorified or plainest form is equally impervious, and it is this quality which makes it peculiarly suitable for the autumn holiday jaunt, when, notwithstanding the storm and stress of climate and travel, an alpaca frock will bring its wearer in triumphant neatness through the tousling ordeal of steamer and railway. A walking-dress, combining the two indispensable qualities of smartness and durability, is shown in this illustration, which will appeal to many holiday-makers in search of a new effect. For though the season's demands may be satisfied with good appearance, however perishable, the requirements of country visit or an adjournment to spa or seaside equally demand that durability is a feature of the autumn outdoor trousseau, and as this little French gown includes both conditions in the latest model, it has seemed worth while to accent its points. As will be noticed, the skirt is a figured alpaca, shot furthermore in two pale shades of tan and pink. The skirt, quite plain in front, is pleated at the back and set out well at the hem by means of a single row of flexible steel. An extremely well-arranged model of the blouse-bodice is carried out in black accordion-pleated chiffon over pink silk, and a quite bewitching bolero of ivory lace is made short at the back and rounded off daintily in front. The gigot sleeves, cut in one piece, are further ornamented by runnings of the same lace from wrist to shoulder, and a jewelled belt displays itself under the graceful and still extremely modish pouch front. The neckband, of pink silk under black lisse, and edged with ivory lace, is cut in a stiffened point at one side. A hat of drawn ivory lace over black is trimmed with black feathers and pink osprey at the left side, with large rosettes of pink lisse over white on the other. One of the frocks taken by the Comtesse de Castellane to Trouville is as extravagant in prettiness as it doubtless was in price—a double recommendation to some women I know, though not to me. Meanwhile, to describe the fair American's frock will satisfy on at least one point of

the question. It is a pale-mauve silk, covered with palest blue accordion-pleated tulle. The skirt is trimmed down each side with rows of narrow black lace simulating a tablier. The bodice, tight-fitting, is similarly treated, and a circular yoke of real lace is edged by narrow puffings of ivory mousseline de soie. Narrow frills of the black lace appear on sleeves from elbow to wrist, which are finished by a fall of the ivory lace to match yoke aforesaid. The effect of these pale tones of blue over mauve, with touches of black and ivory lace, was most skilful, and should command admiration even at Trouville, where most of the frivolous fair of French society and a fair modicum of English are at the moment in a comedy of fashionable convocation. It is there that this new and rather nonsensical idea of wearing bangles on the left ankle has been originated by a *mondaine* with too much money and time on hands, and too little rational employment for either, probably. Absurd as it seems, however, fashionable women have committed themselves to the custom, which is, after all, not more ridiculous than that men should wear chain-bangles up their coat-sleeves. Smart shoes and silk stockings will now perforce be smarter than ever that we have taken this new Oriental way of displaying ornamental manacles, though I doubt if the novelty will get much foothold—speaking literally—over here. Also, low be it spoken, the knickerbocker costume has so laid Frenchwomen by the heels that, not content with cycling in divided—or rather, disappearing—skirts, they have now gone the length of displacing the classic *robe de soir* for pyjamas—glorified, it is true, with laces and ribbons lavishly laid on, but still pyjamas. After which one may well continue the eternal question of the moment where women seem to be concerned, "What next?" That pertinent query may be here answered by the introduction of a very charming design for an afternoon-dress, in a woollen canvas, which would make a comfortable and picturesque appearance in coming chilly autumn days, the material, either of canvas or fancy cloth, in a soft tone of old-rose lined with silk in a deeper shade. A novelty is in the shape of this embroidered bolero, which in old-rose velvet appliqué with steel and jet paillettes, as in the Felix model, looks exceedingly



[Copyright.]

AUTUMN FROCK OF CANVAS AND VELVET.

elegant. The sleeves are quite a new shape also, cut in one piece and forming a small pouf on the shoulders. It should be mentioned that this zouave is in separate straps, and not cut in one piece. These are furthermore attached to the gathered bodice, but that is entirely to keep them in place. In the model they are lined separately with moss-green satin. Altogether, a very dainty dress.

An exceedingly neat little gown, suitable for tramping the moors and suchlike sporting pursuits, has been made for a friend of mine who negotiates long distances on her native heath at this season. It is of a light golden-brown cloth, and each seam is piped with a darker shade in *suède*. The skirt, cuffs, and collar are turned up with the same material, and the belt, with gold clasps, is to match. A Panama Homburg hat, trimmed with pheasant wing-feathers, completes this jaunty turn-out, brown boots and gaiters, of course, to finish matters.

While touching on country topics, I am reminded of an interesting experiment made by a young couple who live in town and have lately set up a country house without an increase of either income or expenses. The assertion, which sounds like a conundrum or a distinct embroidery of facts, when explained, is so simple that it seems a pity not to share the seductive scheme with one's readers who may also have yearnings towards a "place" in the country without visible and outward means of attaining it. The plan is this. Instead of the annual holiday in hotel or expensive lodging, my young pair advertised for, and finally found, a five-roomed cottage on the Welsh sea-coast, which, in rent and taxes, cost them eighteen pounds per annum. Being used only in summer, the addition of a "tin" bedroom, for the extra bachelor guest, built out into the garden made but small additional cost at a great gain of comfort. Naturally the place wanted such overhauling as paint and paper could give, the previous homely tenants being little troubled with artistic yearnings. A good deal of taste and a little money have, together, a way of working wonders, however, and under the influence of both this onetime labourer's cottage blossomed forth into a most inviting retreat, to which my young couple gratefully retire, with a couple of sympathetic friends, at the close of each season in town. Without going into overlengthy detail, I may add that the furnishing of this *cottage ornée* was accomplished for ninety pounds, including drawing- and dining-rooms, three bedrooms, and a fourth for the two maid-servants, which, all things considered, is the reverse of extravagant, and only to be done with a proper amount of good management. Once completed, such a little nest away from the *sturm und drang* of town life becomes a possession far above rubies to its owner, and gives infinitely greater pleasure than the accustomed holiday jaunt, for it is always there ready to receive one when it is possible to steal a week away from one's ordinary occupation. Having seen how successfully it works, I am given to surprise that so few people attempt it. There are many wee places to be picked up round our own coast, or inland if preferred, without going so far as Wales, and as the ideal life is unquestionably a judicious admixture of town and country in their respective seasons, I recommend the notion as being worth the serious consideration of those with even the most unpretentious income. Apropos of household matters, I am often surprised that so many women employing cooks who have long left behind them the stage of being merely "plain" should not require the small additional toll of hot breakfast- and tea-cakes as agreeable evidence of Mistress Cook's prowess. In all houses where things are "well done" such minor services should unquestionably be rendered; yet I know of several women who would quite quail at the idea of suggesting hot cakes at these times to the presiding genius of the kitchen. Meanwhile, for the wise who insist on such service, here is an excellent recipe for cornflour breakfast-rolls. Put half a packet of Brown and Polson's Corn Flour, adding their Paisley Flour in the proportion of one part to six, in a basin, pouring over it a breakfast-cup of boiling water, and stirring until it is evenly mixed; when cool add double the quantity of wheaten flour and a little salt. Make a hole in the mixture and stir in a quarter of an ounce of yeast, made into the thickness of cream with warm, not hot, water. Set it to stand all night, and keep the basin covered with a clean cloth. Next morning knead the dough and put it near the fire until risen. Finally, divide and shape into quite small rolls. Bake on a flat, greased tin for fifteen or twenty minutes, according to the size.

SYBIL.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

The tight sleeve owns a most charming godmother in the person of Miss Jessie Millward, for she it was who first, by personal championship and example, gave it a name and a place in the world of fashion, and though by this time it has lost claim to one of its descriptive adjectives—"new," to wit—she remains absolutely faithful to her protégée.

There are no half-hearted measures in her favouritism; she scorns to call in the aid of frivolous shoulder-frills and puffings, or any of the hundred-and-one little ways and means by which Dame Fashion's followers seek to evade the strict letter of this particular law, and thereby to retain some of that breadth of figure which was so generously supplied by the old sleeve. Miss Millward's sleeves most faithfully follow the contour of her graceful shoulders, and, with no suggestion of relief to their almost severe simplicity, continue their uninterrupted course till the wrist is reached, as witness those gowns which on and after to-night she will wear in the new Adelphi play, "Boys Together."

They are all very simple, but it is the simplicity which reveals the perfection of art and bears the hall-mark of the Maison Jay; so it goes without saying that it is eminently attractive.

One dress is of soft brown cashmere—a material which, after this, will demand a capital C to its erstwhile despised name—the skirt absolutely plain, and the soft drapery of the bodice leaving a V-shaped opening at the neck, which is accentuated by a flat band of exquisite white embroidery. The sleeves are of chiffon, in the same beautiful shade of nut-brown, softly shirred from shoulder to wrist, and with not an extra inch of fulness to mark the division between shoulder and arm.

With this dress of Puritan simplicity is worn a little brown cashmere cape, turned back with a deep collar and graduated revers of softly gathered chiffon, while a garden-hat of brown chip, with a bow of brown ribbon crossing the front and continuing its career in the form of strings, completes the most delightful costume (as worn by Miss Millward) that you could possibly imagine, and one which is calculated to make all feminine beholders feel woefully overdressed; though I admit that the memory of this impression would, in all probability, fade away before the fascinating reality of the newest and most elaborate autumn gowns, for pronounced simplicity of attire is becoming only to the fortunate few.

A skirt of oneline silk in the delicate mauve of a Neapolitan violet is worn in another act, with a bodice of chiffon to match—a bodice which from throat to waist and from shoulder to wrist is one soft mass of tiny tucks, the only relief being a turned-down collar and cuffs of snowy lawn with tucked and hem-stitched borders. Miss Millward will wear



[Copyright.]

MISS MILLWARD IN "BOYS TOGETHER."

with this gown a most quaintly shaped hat of mauve straw—it must belong, I think, to the Trianon family—with tulle in two shades of mauve and violet arranged in rosettes and fan-shaped pleatings for trimming.

But the loveliest of all is that evening-dress which is sketched for you. It is all black, with nothing to relieve the misty darkness of the net bodice, or to contrast with the sheen of the satin skirt, but the scintillating brightness of the cuirass of closely clustering jet sequins and the points of light which flash from the chains of great cut-jet beads which catch up this same cuirass and then fall in festooned chains over the transparent sleeves. Nothing could be more becoming or striking than the arrangement of those crossed folds of net, which make the whiteness of Miss Millward's beautiful neck and shoulders still more striking by contrast, while the arms gleam out from beneath the tight transparency of their shirred covering. There is, too, a tiny basque of those coat-of-mail sequins, divided from the cuirass by a narrow folded band of satin ribbon, and then comes the graceful sweep of the slightly trained skirt, which fits quite tightly and plainly over the hips in the fashion which Miss Millward has always adopted.

Truly a notable trio of gowns, to which I am delighted that you should have absolutely the first introduction; but still, there is one more costume, which is by no means the least fascinating, and it consists of a *robe de chambre* of the softest and richest white English satin, made still more beautiful by insertions and edgings of exquisite lace, and opening in front to reveal a glimpse of the *robe de nuit* of white crêpe de Chine, made in Empire fashion and with *entre-deux* of lace running the whole length of its accordion-pleated fulness. Imagine the effect of this lovely robe worn by Miss Millward in a dark scene, where the only light comes from the lamp which with one hand she holds over her head, while the other is closed on the half-opened door!

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

There is no doubt that we are face to face with a most determined attempt by the "bears" of Wall Street to so depreciate values that a serious collapse, if not an absolute panic, will ensue; and, considering the materials ready to their hand, it is quite within the range of practical politics that they may succeed, especially as they are entirely above—or below—all hesitation or scruple on the ground of patriotism, or, in fact, on any other ground that cannot be covered by the "almighty dollar."

For a considerable time England resolutely declined to believe that any man professing the views of Mr. Bryan could succeed in a Presidential election, but a resolute attempt is being made—with no little success—to convince England that she has entirely underestimated the chances of Mr. Bryan's success. It is pointed out that, at the present time, Mr. Bryan is supported by seventeen States, against the ten supporting Mr. McKinley; and although Mr. McKinley's ten States cast 140 votes against the 136 controlled by Mr. Bryan's seventeen, yet it is pointed out that this difference is utterly insignificant in face of the fact that eighteen States, with 171 votes, are, so far, uncommitted, and that, amid the cross-voting and confusion introduced by the currency issue, the most experienced electioneering "bosses" are at a loss to find a basis on which to found their usual ingenious prognostications and calculations. Probably this is an occasion when less sophisticated observers may form more accurate views than professionals saturated with estimates and statistics founded on past conflicts on totally different issues; but again the "bears" are ready with an argument. They say there is a wave of discontent, and Bryan is heading it. His remedy may be illusory, but, at least, he offers a remedy, while the Republicans offer none, except high tariffs, which have already been tried and found wanting; and they point to the fact that the shallow but specious Silverite book, entitled "Coin's Financial School," has been selling for the last two years at the rate of 250,000 copies per month.

For our part, we think the United States have not sunk to such a level that Mr. Bryan can seriously have a chance of winning the election, but there is no doubt that investors are getting seriously alarmed, and that Wall Street continues to sell, sell, sell, with an easy mind. If the real holders of American securities insist on throwing them on the market, nothing can stop a monetary crisis in New York of the first magnitude, while if holders will hold on, and Mr. McKinley "romps in" on Nov. 3 next, those who buy now and lock up their securities in a box will be agreeably surprised at the advance which will take place in quotations.

THE MINING MARKET.

As most of the "big bugs" of the Kaffir Circus, Robinson, Beit, Barnato, and others, are over here now, it is considered the correct thing to "make things hum" a bit, with the idea that if prices are only run up a little the public is sure to come in; so statements have been put about that a lot of buying orders have come from the Cape, that the amount of floating stock is so diminished that the jobbers had to mark up their prices, &c. On Thursday they got up quite a little boom; but it "petered out" in the street after the House closed, and yesterday, though prices were fairly maintained, there was no business doing. The public are not coming in yet. The account is too near.

The increased attention paid to Kaffirs made Westralians look a little weak and neglected; but prices keep up, and, as good crushings are still coming forward one after the other, we expect to see most of our favourites go better. At the same time, those who see a good profit will seldom do wrong to take it. Many of the mines are too small in area to go on paying dividends on large—absurdly large—capitals, though they may pay a few high dividends and run up in price on the strength thereof. We still think Burbank's Birthday Gift a good mine. We think it has fully justified what we have said about it, but we also think the present price is a very good price. It may go higher still, but even at that it makes the market capitalisation of the mine £300,000, or nearly ten thousand pounds an acre. The chief spurt this week has been in Mainland Consols. All Whitaker Wright's group are expected to go higher, but the game is still rather between professionals. The public are not taking much part, though more than they do in Kaffirs.

THE RAND.

We have received the following further letter from our Johannesburg correspondent. It deals pretty fully with the two important mines, the Wolhuter and Meyer and Charlton.

WOLHUTER.

This mine is now taking its legitimate place as one of the chief gold-producers on the Rand. Situated immediately alongside the town of Johannesburg, to the south-east, it owns 170 claims on the rich central section of the reef. The property extends from the outcrop south for a distance of 3000 feet, and the certainty of the reefs proving continuous has been proved by the recent Bezuidenville bore-hole, which intersected the Main Reef series 3000 feet further to the south, at a depth of over three thousand feet. Taking the average dip of the reefs at an angle of 35 degrees, it is a matter of simple calculation that this large property contains over five and a-half million tons of ore. A powerful new battery of 100 heavy stamps has been running since May last, and, with everything in proper order, the stamps working up to a duty of about five and a-half tons per stamp per day, a mill of this size will crush 180,000 tons per annum. The life of the mine, therefore, on a milling basis of 100 stamps, is, as nearly as may be reckoned, thirty years. These facts may be accepted by investors as beyond controversy, and the only question to be discussed is the probable rate of profits.

Working costs at the Wolhuter hitherto have been high, but this is explained by the fact that the company, till lately, has been crushing with only 40 light

stamps. A decrease in costs will be apparent in the enlarged mill at work, and, in the course of a year or two, when the new shafts in progress will admit of 200 stamps being supplied with ore, costs will be brought lower still, to something like a minimum. On the other hand, investors may look for a fall in the grade of the ore crushed with each addition to the battery. This, however, means nothing more than that the mine is being more equitably worked, a larger proportion of low-grade ore being mined than is usually done, and, indeed, than can be profitably done, with a small plant. In the case of the Wolhuter, this depreciation in the grade of ore crushed is already apparent. In 1895 some 70,000 tons of ore went through the mill, yielding an average of £2 per ton; while in June, when the new battery had practically a full month's crushing, 12,500 tons yielded an average of only 30s. 5d. Now, it may be conceded at once that there is small hope of good dividends out of ore yielding only 30s. 5d. per ton even with 100, or, for that matter, 200 stamps at work. On the other hand, £2 ore would yield handsome profits. In estimating the probable value of the ore, it is important to note the improvement in the value as mining operations have progressed from the higher to the lower levels. On the whole, there is no apparent reason why an average value of something like 35s. or 36s. per ton should not be kept up once the new equipment is in full working order, with ample appliances for sorting out waste rock.

But it is to a probable important reduction of costs that Wolhuter shareholders have to look for increased profits. For last financial year working costs, exclusive of cyaniding and depreciation, were 29s. 6d. per ton. This rate is too high, and a reduction will probably be brought about in a variety of ways. In the first place, the new and enlarged equipment will naturally result in a greatly reduced rate of charges, while the contemplated reduction of natives' wages, the agitation to secure free trade in dynamite, lower railway rates, &c., must, in the long run, have a beneficial influence on costs at this and other mines. Lately, the Wolhuter has been developing ore far in excess of immediate requirements, in view of the running of 100 stamps, and now that the ore in sight amounts to fully 260,000 tons, equal to eighteen months' supply for the enlarged mill, it will possibly not be considered necessary to develop at the same ratio beyond the 15,000 tons per month required for milling. This alone represents a considerable reduction in working expenses, while the ore in sight is a valuable asset. In the near future working costs will probably be brought down to 25s. per ton (including cyaniding); but, as a result of the various economies aimed at by the industry, a rate of 20s. may be considered as possible of attainment in the case of large mines like the Wolhuter.

Mr. C. S. Goldmann, one of the leading members of the financial group who control the Wolhuter, is the author of the well-known book on South African mines. Mr. Goldmann, whose portrait appeared in *The Sketch* at the beginning of January, is a director of nearly thirty of the leading Rand companies. He is a man of marked ability and wide culture and is a recognised authority on mining and finance.

MEYER AND CHARLTON.

This mine has regularly paid substantial dividends, with the break of only one year, since 1888, but lately it has been in the position of showing greatly reduced profits. For four years the mine was good for a steady 16 dwt. from the plates, but last year the average recovery from the plates was little more than one-half that amount, and recent months of the present year show even less—6·47 dwt. in May, and 6·50 dwt. in June. The rate of profits has naturally fallen off greatly. For the June six months of 1893 the average profits were no less than £2 5s. 7d. per ton, but the rate has steadily declined since then, and for last year it was no more than respectable at 17s. 2d. per ton crushed, while in the current year, with the further falling off in yield, the rate of profits is necessarily still lower. But for the enlargement of the battery, first to 60 stamps in July of last year, and then by the addition of a further 20 heads in March of the present year, the decline in gross profits would have been serious for the company.

As it is, the company has managed to show profits of about £3000 or £4000 a-month for some time past, but this is sadly under the rate prophesied by the chairman at the meeting at the end of February. Mr. Albu, who had then to make the best apology he could for his prediction at the previous meeting of profits of from £8000 to £12,000 per month once 60 stamps were running, was bold enough, notwithstanding, to forecast the current year's profits at £100,000. Both predictions were, no doubt, made in good faith. The continued falling off in profits is easily explained. The South Reef, which in the upper levels of this mine was a thin body of ore of phenomenal richness, is no less than from six to seven feet thick in the fifth and sixth levels, while, as is often the case, the grade of the ore is in inverse proportion to the thickness. In these levels this reef only assays some 12 dwt. per ton; but, on the other hand, the thickness of the reef is an important factor, representing a greatly increased life to the mine. A further reason for the falling off in the average yield is that, with the larger battery and consequent reduction of costs, it is found possible to mill considerable quantities of the poor Main Reef formerly neglected. This also represents an increase in the life of the mine.

The most recent appearances in the lower workings rather tend to the belief that the South Reef is contracting, and it is probable that on the seventh level it may be only some four or five feet in width, in which case the value of the ore would, no doubt, be correspondingly higher, going by past experience. There are about 300,000 tons of ore developed, chiefly Main Reef of poor grade, and in the outcrop section of the mine now being worked the total ore is estimated at over a million tons, but much depends on the varying thickness of the reefs and the proportion of Main Reef which is found to be payable. The company's deep-level claims are estimated to contain, roughly, three-quarters of a million tons of ore. Allowing the mill to crush 100,000 tons per annum, this would represent a life of seventeen and a-half years; but, as considerable quantities of the Main Reef will probably be of too low grade to pay costs, the actual life will possibly not be longer than from twelve to fourteen years. Working costs are low. Last year the total charges were at the rate of 24s. 9d. per ton.

Mr. A. Goerz, one of the prominent members of the Board, has very large



MR. A. GOERZ.

Photo by Goch, Johannesburg.

interests on the Rand, and is a leading personage in the social and financial life of Johannesburg. He sits on the Boards of the Lancaster, George Goch, Crown Reef, Roodepoort Deep, and numerous other mines. Mr. Goerz studied mining at Freiburg, and is esteemed for his scientific attainments no less than for his amiable disposition and upright character.

DUNLOP AND SINGER SETTLEMENTS.

There has been some complaint as to the delay that has taken place in the settlement of the bargains in Dunlops, and the sellers of Singer Cycle shares are getting rather anxious too, in case they should have to undergo a similar experience of waiting. We understand, however, that in this case there is no ground for apprehension, and that the special settlement is likely to be fixed for the mid-September account at latest. At least, that is what we are told by those who ought to know.

A POINT AS TO GAS COMPANIES' PROFITS.

At the meeting of the Crystal Palace Gas Company last week Mr. Livesey said that the company had sustained a very serious loss comparatively on the sale of coke. Comparing the accounts to June 1895 with those to the corresponding date of 1896, he said that the receipts from the sale of coke had fallen off from £13,471 to £10,070. That, he continued, was a very serious matter indeed. The price of coke had never been so low as it was at the present moment, and it was very disappointing, when they had hoped to pay their way, to find so serious a loss on this one item. One reason for it was that the production of coke was in excess of the demand, and that necessitated a fall in price. Another reason was due to themselves. They had encouraged the use of gas for cooking as much as they could, and had given facilities for the fitting-up of gas in small houses, and this had to a considerable extent displaced coal and coke. The chairmen of railway companies were complaining that this had reduced the carriage of coal on their lines. And then Mr. Livesey went on to make an attack on the Gas Light and Coke Company, which to us is perfectly inexplicable. He said deliberately that the company whose shareholders he was addressing had lost £1200 in the half-year through the blundering of the Gas Light and Coke Company. But where the grievance came in we cannot, for the life of us, see.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the Gas Light and Coke Company did make an error of judgment in accumulating a large stock, that would seem to the impartial observer to be purely its own affair. And not only that, but the error of judgment would appear to be to the benefit, not to the detriment, of rival producers. It passes our comprehension to see how the Crystal Palace Gas Company, or any other, was aggrieved. What would one think if a butcher complained that the rival butcher over the way kept his meat instead of selling it?

TEA COMPANY COMBINATIONS.

It is a pity that a good trade and a fine industry should be spoiled by the everlasting company promoter, but the Indian and Ceylon tea trade seems completely in their grip, and we greatly fear that over-competition, excessive production, and ruinous capitalisation will be the upshot, and we must therefore warn our readers to be very careful regarding what tea companies they put their money into. Fine teas will always sell, but second-rate tea is already getting almost a drug in the market.

The districts, like Darjeeling, which grow really fine tea are very restricted, so there is not much fear of fine tea ever getting too abundant; but the land good enough to grow second-rate stuff is absolutely unlimited, and can be taken up by promoters as fast as ever the British will find the money. We understand that the group which, in June, brought out the Consolidated Tea and Lands Company, with a capital of £2,000,000, have now another consolidated tea company on the stocks, with a capital of £1,000,000, which is so precious that it will not be offered to the general public, but only to the shareholders in the Consolidated Tea and Lands Company and in a few other favoured institutions, including the Land Mortgage Bank of India, which may thereby be relieved of the tea estates which have proved such a nuisance to them.

The directorate, &c., will practically be the same as that of the Tea and Lands Company, Messrs. James Finlay and Co., of Edinburgh, being very much *en evidence*, and the agents in London will be Messrs. P. R. Buchanan and Co. The company will have one good Darjeeling estate. It is called Dooteriah, but we are rather dubious about the rest.

"OLD BUSHMILLS."

The "Old Bushmills" Distillery Company, Limited, has been formed to acquire the old-established and well-known business of over a hundred years' standing bearing that name. This brand of Irish Whisky is favourably known; the buildings are of modern type, having been rebuilt since 1885, during which year the old ones were destroyed by fire. The full details of the assets will be found in the prospectus, and one of the most important of these is the stock of the matured product, valued by Mr. W. W. Brydon at £71,458. The composition of the directorate is strong, and the quality of the stock of whisky to be taken over is known to be excellent.

SKINNER'S "MINING MANUAL."

We hardly recognise our familiar "Skinner" ("The Mining Manual for 1896." By Walter R. Skinner) on its appearance for its eighth successive year. With many promotions hath he grown so exceeding fat that he looks like a promoter himself! The mere fact that 1565 of the 2712 companies dealt with in these pages are new

concerns not only shows the immense amount of labour involved in the compilation of the book, but is painfully suggestive of the evanescent character of so many mining companies. How many, we wonder, of these 1565 will continue to illustrate its pages when we welcome "Skinner" at the end of another eight years? The extraordinary development of gold-mining is shown very clearly in this volume, the world's output of gold last year amounting to 10,219,158 oz. as against only 7,041,822 in 1892. The value of last year's production amounts to the very comfortable sum of £35,767,000, an increase of £2,376,700, or 679,057 oz., over 1894. Considering the vast aggregation of facts and figures which this book represents, it is probably inevitable that it should contain some inaccuracies; but we have been unable to find any, though we have sought somewhat diligently. Its late appearance this year, in consequence of the large additions required, has enabled the editor to write it up to a later date than usual, and this makes it more than ever useful; but the fact is that the book is absolutely indispensable to everyone interested in mining enterprise. We think it has this year more than maintained its reputation.

NEW ISSUES.

The following issues have come under our notice during the week—

Dover Harbour £400,000 First Debenture Three per Cent. Redeemable Stock.—Absolutely gilt-edged, but, unfortunately, not quite a "Trustee" Stock. The Consolidated Gold Trust of London, Paris, and Brussels, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Prize Gold-Mines, Limited.—We should leave it alone.

Jeffs, Williams, and Curtis, Limited.—To be avoided.

Seabrooke and Sons, Limited.—Dubious debentures.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

We cordially wish *bon voyage* to Mr. Robert Harper, M.L.A., who is now on his way back to Australia after having steered this bank through a very nasty crisis. It was an anxious time for all concerned, and the urbanity and tact of Mr. Harper were simply invaluable in bringing about the happily successful result.

Saturday, Aug. 22, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SCOTTISH.—(1) This was greatly run after (during the boom last year) by members of the House as one of their own private "specs." We never could quite understand why. There is not sufficient development in this goldfield for anyone to know anything very positively as to what reefs it actually contains, but, according to the latest wire from the manager, the average assays of three samples taken at Kindergoed ran to 30 dwt., and the last find on Haartebeestevlakte ran to 7½ dwt. The price—1½ to 2—is said to be kept up artificially to promote the flotation of a subsidiary company, the name of which we can furnish to you privately. (2) Middling. Some of our friends are very confident that it will turn out well, but we do not know. Still, it may be very good for a short run. There is to be a crushing—good, of course—shortly. (3) Considered respectable, but nothing doing for the time being; quoted ½ to ⅝. (4) Advise you to leave it alone. It is quoted ⅞ to 1½, but the market is very dubious about it.

A. B. C.—We think the prospects are bad. We have constantly advised our readers to have nothing to do with anything brought out by the man who promoted this. The company went to allotment, but we do not think very much of the capital was subscribed. If you are stuck with shares in this concern, we advise you at once to consult a good company solicitor.

DAN.—The company you name is rather looked at askance in the market. We understand that, for each 5s. share in the concern taken over, the holder got two £1 shares in the present company. The present price of 1½ is regarded as the result of market rigging.

J. H. S.—(1) This is a company which was formed to take over, at a gigantic price, Herr Welsbach's shares in the original company, and for some years the shares are likely to pay considerable dividends; but we should not like to recommend either it or No. 2 as a permanent investment. (3) A fair mining speculation. (4) We cannot recommend it. (5) Not known on this market. II. We are inclined to prefer i., but we feel as Dr. Johnson did when he said, "There's no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea." III. No.

R. M.—Many thanks for offer. If we hear of a purchaser we will let you know.

BRINSMEAD.—We advise you not to pay anything more on the shares, but to promptly consult a solicitor.

W. B.—(1) Result of crushing not yet out. Hold for the present. (2) When you can get 2 we think you might take your profit. (3) Hold for the present.

A. C.—First crushing not generally a fair criterion. Hold until after the next, which, it is said, will be better.

SUSSEX.—(1) We think the shares of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway Company may be safely held as a permanent investment. The dividends are not only guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Company, but also by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. (2) We advise you to hold your shares in Sir J. Whitworth and Co., Limited. They may regain the price at which you bought, and, in any case, we think them better than the shares of the other company you mention. The agricultural implement trade abroad is likely to be more and more supplied by foreign makers.

S. J. C.—We are writing to you by post.

Box.—We do not approve of them as a permanent investment, but we think they will do well for a time.

EMORA, PERPETUAL, and W. W.—Received too late to answer in this week's issue.

J. D. P.—We have replied by post.

One of the most original of our ceramists is Mr. Charles H. Brannam, whose Royal Barum Ware factory at Barnstaple has gained a deservedly wide reputation for the beauty and originality of its pottery. Mr. Brannam's newest production is a set of "Dunlop" cups, suitably inscribed with a record of the memorable five-million "deal." The cups are very delicate in colouring and graceful in design.